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The Pacific

First Pure, then Peaceable; Without Partiality and without Hypocrisy.

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WHOLE No. 1550.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., DEC. 21, 1881.

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Christ, the Saviour Incarnate.

BY CHARLES WESLEY.

All glory to God in the sky,
And peace upon earth be restored;
O Jesus, exalted on high,
Appear our omnipotent Lord!
Who, meekly in Bethlehem born,
Didst stoop to redeem a lost race;
Once more to thy creatures return,
And reign in thy kingdom of grace.

When thou in thy flesh didst appear,
All nature acknowledged thy birth;
Arose the acceptable year,
And heaven was open'd on earth:
Receiving its Lord from above,
The world was united to bless
The Giver of concord and love,
The Prince and the Author of peace.

Oh, would'st thou again be made known,
Again in thy spirit descend,
And set up in each of thine own,
A kingdom that never shall end!
Thou only art able to bless,
And make the glad nations obey,
And bid the dire enmity cease,
And bow the whole world to thy sway.

Come then to thy servants again,
Who long thy appearing to know;
Thy quiet and peaceable reign
In mercy establish below:
All sorrow before thee shall fly,
And anger and hatred be o'er;
And envy and malice shall die,
And discord afflict us no more.

No horrid alarm of war
Shall break our eternal repose;
No sound of the trumpet is there,
Where Jesus' spirit o'erflows;
Appeased by the charms of thy grace,
We all shall in unity join;
And kindly each other embrace,
And love with a passion like thine.

Chime out, O joyful bells!
All worldly discords drown!
Yield up your green, O trees!
To make a Christmas crown!
Give of your best, O earth!
Make room, O human heart,
That he who comes this day
May nevermore depart.

—Youth's Companion.

The Sunday Law.

HOW IT LOOKS TO A WORKINGMAN.

EDITOR "PACIFIC": A friend of mine, a working man, said some things to me last night which (as he is not himself specially apt with the pen) he wishes me to say for him through your columns, to other working men, and to the public generally. Said he, "I see there is some talk of enforcing the Sunday law against keeping open stores, and workshops, and saloons on Sunday. Now, I am not a religious man myself, and very seldom go to church, even when I have an off day on Sunday; probably would not go much even if I had every Sunday off. But I want to see the Sunday law enforced, for this reason: I have to start to my work at a quarter to six every morning. I have five children—one of them gets up to help her mother get my breakfast. I don't see the other four any week-day morning in the year, except on holidays. I take my dinner with me, and I do not go home at noon. I get home at ten minutes to seven at night. I get washed up and we have supper about seven. My baby is asleep before that time. The other four are up and at the supper table with me. By half-past seven the two youngest of the four are sleepy and have to go to bed. In another hour the other two go off. I and my wife sit up till nine, when, as we have to be up by five, we go to bed. During the week days, therefore, I see my young children just about one hour a day. Now, I am fond of my children and they of me. I am among men all day, and some of the men at our place are a little rough. If it wasn't for my little family at home I should have a hard life of it. It is very little I am doing for my children now on week days, nothing except to earn their bread and clothes. Their entire bringing up falls on my wife, and she does it splendidly. But I feel that I need my children somewhat myself and that they need me. Now, on Sundays the children and I have 'larks.' The little ones come tumbling into my bed Sunday morning, and we have high jinks for an hour. Later in the day I take them out. I give my wife a little Sunday airing, although, poor child, she is most always so tired that she is glad to have me take the children off her hands and leave her a few hours of quiet with only the baby to mind. Later, at our place, for one reason or other, we have been called on for Sunday work, are being called on more and more. When I work Sundays I have no 'larks' with the babies; my wife gets no Sunday rest. Every Saturday night the children eagerly ask: 'You haven't got to work to-morrow, Papa, have you?' If I say 'No,' they cry out 'Goody! goody!' and the whole house shakes. If I say 'Yes, I've got to go to-morrow,' the whole lot cry out, 'Ain't that mean!' Of course I get paid extra for Sunday work, but I count it high-priced money. It's money out of my children's life, out of my wife's life and my own. In fact, when the whole care of all the children comes on my wife seven days out of seven, I find it costs more than my Sunday earnings to pay her doctor's bills. I lose money as well as life by working Sundays. I would refuse to work Sundays, but once or twice when I have tried to get off, it has been so plainly intimated to me that unless I am willing to come Sundays I needn't come at all, that I feel obliged to go. What can a man

with seven mouths to feed do in such a case? I hope they will enforce the Sunday law, and I am willing to pay a dollar a month to have it enforced, simply because I can't afford to take my Sundays away from my wife and children. Work on Sundays, as I look at it, defrauds my wife and children of their rights—they and me, too.

This, Mr. Editor, is in substance what my friend wanted me to say.

SCRIBE.

OAKLAND, Dec. 13, 1881.

Washington Letter.

THE HOLIDAYS AND THEN THE COMMITTEES—ABOUT THE CAPITAL—ITS GROWTH, ITS INFLUENCE AND ITS SWAMPS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 13th, 1881.

But little legislative work will be done until after the Christmas holidays. The formation of the House Committees proceeds very slowly, and they will not be announced until after the recess.

Until within the last three days, we have had no real winter weather in Washington. There has not been a sign of snow, and there is little wonder that the city is attracting visitors from all parts of the country. The fashionable season will be at its height after Christmas, and promises to be of unusual brilliancy. The number of rich *mater familias*, with unmarried daughters already booked for the race at the different hotels and boarding-houses, to say nothing of fashionable West End houses rented for the season, is unprecedented.

Within the last ten years, men of wealth and leisure have bought and built in Washington. They are not here except in the winter, but when Congress assembles, extravagant and erring spirit from all parts of the Union hie thither to this winter elysium or pandemonium—as you like it. When will it stop! The fashion is increasing. The city is growing; growing without manufactures, commerce or trade; growing on the money spent by wealthy residents, transient guests, but chiefly, from the enormous disbursements of the Government. No city in the world, I think, has become great under such circumstances. All other capitals of first-class nations have had different sources of prosperity. Paris has always been the headquarters of a gigantic military establishment. London has been the depot of the world's commerce. Washington is but a petty village, when compared with other great capitals. But she is larger and more promising than were any of them at her age, and she is brought into quicker contact with broader and richer areas than have supplied the sinews of the great cities of the Old World.

When we know the intimate, subtle correlation of manners, art, architecture, and laws, the growth of the capital of a great country, its adornment, and its sanitary purifications, are subjects in which every intelligent citizen must be concerned. Athens, Rome and Paris have successively dominated the world, through influences more enduring than military conquest. Rome subdued her barbarian conquerors by forces gentler but mightier than the sword, and, in this new era and not half-developed hemisphere, the political center of the single great power has a mission beyond anything enacted in the executive, legislative or judicial departments of the Government. Washington must either be removed from the swamps, or the swamps must be removed from Washington. To do either will be a greater work than the fabled tasks of Hercules combined. To remove the swamps will cost, perhaps, five millions. To remove the capital will cost a hundred millions.

"Sheltering Home."

MR. EDITOR.—Dear Sir: Would you like to spend a pleasant hour? Take a trip over to this beautiful city of Oakland on a Wednesday afternoon, jump into the San Pablo cars, get out at Thirty-Fourth street, walk as far as Adelene street, then enter that dwelling, so cosy and comfortable looking, shaded by the beautiful trees, and rightly named "The Sheltering Home!" Wait a moment—what do you hear? Childish voices singing that sweet hymn, "In the shelter of the rock, Jesus hide me!"

Allow me to explain. A few friends meet there at that hour to unite with the inmates in prayer and praise to God. A number of the little ones meet also, and with their sweet voices make the "Sheltering Home" for one hour in the week, a little Heaven below!

Do the inmates appreciate it? Ask the dear old pilgrims of three-score and ten, and even older. "Come again," she smilingly says—and that crippled one—"Your prayer did me so much good!" The little children kindly cared for there want us to "come again." The warm-hearted Christian matron, who is so much beloved by her family, says "come again," and so we

"Come to the house of prayer,
O thou afflicted, come;
The God of peace shall meet thee there,
He makes that house his home.
Ye young, before his throne
Come bow, your voices raise;
Let not your hearts his praise disown
Who gives the power to praise."

And so we meet, not forgetting to thank the Giver of all good, who has instilled it into the hearts of the noble women to open and sustain such a glorious institution as the "sheltering Home," where the unfortunate and friendless may find rest.

"Thy home is with the humble, Lord;
The simple are the best;
Thy lodging is in child-like hearts;
Thou makest there thy rest.
In the shelter of the rock, Jesus hide me."
God bless the "Sheltering Home."
A FRIEND.

An Essay on Temperance.

[Read at a meeting of Cal. W. C. T. U.]

Intemperance has become an evil of such vast magnitude throughout the world that all the friends of humanity should unite in vigorous efforts to overcome it. If one does not realize the necessity for action after what he sees going on in the streets and saloons, let him consult reliable statistics of different countries, and learn the enormous amount of wine, beer and distilled liquors manufactured and drunk. If that is not sufficient, let him visit the homes of drinking men. In most cases he will find neglect, poverty and suffering. In some, even, he will find the disheartened wife has learned to drown her sorrow in the intoxicating cup. Let him observe the children of such families and think of their future! As this habit pervades all classes of society, he will not always find poverty, but he will find anxiety and distress in every home where any member of it is controlled by an appetite for strong drink.

Then let him review the past and see how many men of ability and occupying high positions have wasted their talents and come to dishonorable deaths, from Alexander the Great to the present time. When he has done this faithfully, and considered how many noble men created in the image of God are brought down lower than the beasts, and how many families made miserable, he will be ready to assist in removing the cause.

The work is a great one. We need the help of statesmen as well as philanthropists.

The National Society of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, of which we are a branch, is doing a grand work all over our land. With Miss Frances Willard at the head, assisted by so many talented and faithful women in the different departments of the work, we may expect great results. Let us in California not be found lacking in interest in so good a cause.

In order to do our work thoroughly, we must search all the avenues through which this evil comes. In making a few practical suggestions I would first inquire if, as mothers, we are not, unconsciously, perhaps, laying a foundation for future trouble. Do we not commence with our children in their infancy by resorting to the use of alcohol for their little ailments when simpler remedies would be much better? Do we not continue by using it in our food? I fear I must add, do we not sometimes find it on our tables? Do we early teach our children the injurious effects of alcohol and tobacco, and do we show them how easily habits may be formed which will end in their ruin, and that their only perfect safety is in total abstinence? These are important questions for each of us to answer conscientiously, to ourselves. Many mothers will say they have so many cares and duties they have not time to think of all these things. I am aware that a great deal is expected of mothers, and let us consider that a compliment to our ability.

At the same time we know that conducting a household, rearing children, dressmaking, tailoring, and the work of a seamstress generally cannot all be well done by one person. Let us not neglect the well doing of the most important ones by trying to perform so many. There are some things absolutely necessary. Of course the training of the immortal spirits under our care is of the first importance; but a matter of very great consequence to the family is the preparation of food which is not only palatable but healthful, so that no one may be driven to the use of stimulants to aid digestion. Besides, we should acquaint ourselves with simple remedies—those in which no danger lurks—and have them ready for the slight illnesses which are often occurring. At such times, if nothing else is at hand, liquors are used as a universal panacea, having the wonderful faculty of warming us if we are cold, and cooling us if we are too warm. They are generally agreeable, too, and make us feel comfortable for the time being, and so they are often resorted to. They may be necessary sometimes, but certainly not generally, and frequent use may settle into a habit before we are aware of it. We should prepare delicate flavorings, refreshing drinks and fragrant coffee, which would agreeably take the place of those that are intoxicating. We should honor our friends by showing our hospitality in a nobler way than by using the magic cup of Circe.

We hear much in regard to mothers being fitted for their responsibility in training the children. I am afraid that father's do not always realize that they are forming habits and tastes that are transmitted to their children, and that

many would feel it an infringement of their privileges to deny themselves the exhilarating cigar or the social glass of wine for the sake of an example to their children. Boys will imitate for the sake of being manly. A lady seeing a little boy smoking on the street, expressed her astonishment: "What! a little boy like you smoking!" Deliberately taking the cigarette from his mouth he answered: "I'm not a little boy, I'm a little man." How many young men are ruined by following the example of business men who "treat" their customers for the sake of trade, or, if politicians, for the sake of office. How many may think it fine to have a club to attend because father does.

A fruitful source of intemperance is the corner grocery, because many men will go there who would not enter a saloon. On the last Decoration Day, when such sad events are recalled to us all, as the procession halted on its way to the cemetery, a man with a sword dangling by his side, galloped off as if on urgent business, and reined up to the first corner grocery for a drink. Can we send our boys there of errands, with safety? Is it right for us to encourage with our patronage men who deliberately entice others to their destruction for the money?

Another source that calls for our attention is the communion service. Let us urge the use of "the fruit of the vine" as Christ himself instituted, and not make the memorial service, so sacred to all Christians, the means of arousing the slumbering appetite of some poor soul who is struggling for the victory over it.

In California we have much to contend with. There are the different nationalities with their prejudices in favor of certain beverages. There are associations who are trying to convince us that wine-making may become a source of vast wealth to the State, and many who are interested in the profits of its sale applaud and echo the sentiment. There are some who maintain that the manufacture and use of light wines will prevent the use of stronger liquors, and they quote the example of France.

Let us not neglect to use the press, that powerful engine for influencing the people; not only the avowed organs of the temperance cause but those of general circulation which all classes read. Let the effects of intemperance be shown in causing crime and pauperism. The statement which has been made so often of France that it almost seems an axiom, should be corrected, and the truth shown that the use of strong drink, and consequently, drunkenness, is alarmingly on the increase in that country. Let the raisin culture be encouraged by showing its complete success in many places, and arousing an interest in it with a desire for more information; and let other methods of disposing of the grapes advantageously be shown. Let intelligence be given in regard to temperance work in different places that others may be stimulated to action.

The fallacy of the statement made by liquor-dealers to influence tax-payers, that they pay so large a share of the expenses of the Government, should be shown, and how our State prisons, insane asylums, jails and hospitals are filled with their victims, to say nothing of their families, who have to be helped in some way; so that Government, besides being a loser in morals, is a loser financially also.

We need men in office who are interested in the good of their fellow-beings and who have firm principle, so they will use their power for the general welfare. And here women are almost entirely helpless where they are most deeply interested. When we can give expression to our sentiments on this question by the ballot, we shall expect to see all the drinking places closed and alcohol procured only for medicinal and mechanical purposes. In the meantime, we must use what influence we have in securing good men for office, and good laws.

The children of our city have been studying this subject pretty thoroughly of late, and their friends, too. Let us be earnest and active in keeping up an interest in the subject until public opinion is such that our legislators shall be forced to make more stringent laws.

Our efforts may seem puny compared with the work to be accomplished—a drop in the mighty ocean—but praying to our Heavenly Father for his spirit to guide us, and for his blessing on our endeavors, let us go forward until the whole lump is leavened and our beloved Nation rejoicing in its freedom from this great evil.

When our country was in danger, a few years since, and President Lincoln called for volunteers, up rose a mighty army ready for service. May we not hope for a host of volunteers who realize their country's danger. We want the leaders of society, those who set the fashions for us, and we hope to see many following the noble example of Mrs. Hayes. We want them from the literary ranks, especially editors, who will, as occasion favors, lend a hand to the good work of elevating humanity. We want them from the army of moderate drinkers, who pride themselves on being able to control their appetites within proper limits; those who will say, "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the

world standeth." We want those from high places who have the moral courage to refuse to drink toasts, and thus set an example for our young men in colleges and elsewhere to refuse the social glass, which ruins so many of the flower of our land. We want more Christian workers who will do personal work. We want legislators, who, with unclouded brains, will assist us by better laws.

With these volunteers, added to the regular army of Good Templars, Sons of Temperance, Bands of Hope, and Temperance Unions, we hope to see our nation a glorious model of prosperity, peace and happiness.

L. C. M.

Kindergarten Festival.

The Kindergarten schools, under the superintendence of Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper, had a very pleasant festival and exhibition at Garibaldi Hall last Tuesday morning. Not only were all the seats both upon the floor and in the gallery filled with interested spectators, but every available standing place was occupied. There were two classes from the Union street school, Miss Anna Stoval, Principal, and two from the Jackson street school, Miss May Kitttridge, Principal—over 200 children in all, most of them from three to five years of age. They were prettily dressed, and in their festival regalia looked very bright and happy as they went through their exercises, sung their chirrupy little songs and offered their infantile prayers with folded hands. It was hard to believe, as one looked on, that Elder Roberts was right and that the Kindergarten movement was in the interests of infidelity. It certainly had the look of practical Christianity, which would have gained the hearty approval of him who said, "Feed my lambs." After the exercises the presents were distributed. There was a nicely dressed doll for each little girl and a silver bugle-horn for each little boy, and a nice box of candy for all. The faces of the little ones were all aglow with pleasure, and those of the spectators, of course, caught the gleam. Mrs. Cooper made a few remarks, thanking those who had contributed to buy the presents, even more than was needed. The Garibaldi Guard generously donated the use of the hall. The Board of Education was represented among the visitors, and also the city clergy. None seemed more pleased and proud than the mothers of the children, who evidently had a grateful appreciation of the kind care and pleasant training their little ones were receiving at the hands of these young ladies, whose whole soul seemed to be in their blessed work. The more we have of these Kindergarten schools the less hoodlumism we shall have in our city. Let the good work go on.

Silence About Ourselves.

Think as little as possible about any good in yourself; turn your eyes resolutely from any view of your acquirements, your influence, your plan, your success, your following—above all, speak as little as possible about yourself. The inordinateness of our self-love makes speech about ourselves like the putting of a lighted torch to the dry wood which has been laid in order for burning. Nothing but duty should open our lips upon this dangerous theme, except it be in humble confession of our sinfulness toward God. Again, be specially upon the watch against those little tracks by which the vain man seeks to bring round the conversation about himself, and gain the praise or notice which his thirsty ears drink in so greedily. Even if praise comes unsought it is well, while men are uttering it, to guard yourself by thinking of some secret cause for humbling yourself inwardly to God, thinking unto what the pleasant accounts would be changed if all that is known to God, and even to yourself, stood revealed to man. Place yourself beneath the cross of Calvary; see that sight of love and sorrow; here those words of wonder; look at the Eternal Son humbling himself there for you, as you gaze fixedly upon him, whether he, whose only hope is in that cross of absolute self-sacrifice and self-abasement, can dare to cherish in himself one self-complacent action. Let the Master's words ring ever in your ears, "How can ye believe, who receive honor one of another, and seek not the honor that cometh from God only?"—Bishop Wilberforce.

THE PLAN OF HER HOUSE.—A lady once drew one out. "This," she said, pointing to a large room on the sunny side of the house, and having several pleasant windows; "is our room; and here, opening from it is my husband's private closet, and here is mine. They are of about the same size, and are just large enough to hold a table and a chair. Each has a window. On the table are a few books, a Bible, hymn book, and whatever else we may desire when alone with God." If all our houses were built after that plan there would be fewer backsliding Christians; for there is nothing so sure to produce such a neglect of one's private devotions.

In London there are 95,000 hopeless, homeless paupers, 30,000 habitual criminals, and a nightly expenditure of \$45,000 on places of amusement, exclusive of drink.

The Woman's Board OF THE PACIFIC.

Concerning a Constitution.

[The following suggestive letter was received not long ago by one of our Home Secretaries, who kindly allows the "column" to print it. The bright interest of the letter speaks for itself. Why should we not have many auxiliaries with like constitutions?]

We are trying to organize a missionary society over at F. Not a very difficult thing to do, you will say. Well, perhaps not, sometimes. It was once, when I tried it; but we made such a remarkable success of it, considering that I am ambitious to do as well this time.

My former experience was on this wise: The people were very poor, the church was poorer, and the ladies poorest of all. It was fully six months, although the nest was full of nicely laid plans, before that missionary hen in my brain hatched anything that would live, or had any prospect of living, and then the chickens turned out to be butter and eggs. These belonged to the ladies and they could be tithed. The idea was a new one, and like all new ideas, it had to fight its way. But it conquered. Our to unheard-of organization, without a constitution, without an officer—except one to receive and send off the funds—with only a threefold agreement to hold us together, was accepted with approval by the W. B. M. I. The result of our first year's work was over \$15 for the Womans' Board, and \$5 from one member for the education of colored girls at the South. At the beginning of the second year we were able to elect a full corps of officers, we pledged over \$21 to the Woman's Board, agreed to give, and did give over \$20 toward the education of a colored girl at the South, and one lady sent \$26 for the Utah schools, and others had goodly amounts to dispose of, as their hearts dictated. Of course this was not all butter and eggs. But when one begins to tithe, it is such glad work that it grows on them. And was it not a success? "It is a bother," and "We can't afford it," are among the most common objections to the titling arrangement. "Sunday eggs" is a very convenient way to come at the tenth of that produce, which is, perhaps, as bothersome as any to keep account of. And when any say to me, as did two ladies once, "If we should do that we shouldn't have any ourselves!" I think of that brother who, when he consecrated himself to the Lord, gave everything, and "thought the Lord was so good to let him keep nine-tenths for his own use, and ask only one-tenth for himself." But I did not intend to say anything to you about titling, except as it touched our society. Pardon me.

When we met to organize at F., instead of the regular form suggested in *Life and Light*, I presented a constitution which contained, in a modified form, the agreement of which our other ladies made such a success, and was told that the W. B. M. P. would not accept us as auxiliary with such a constitution. In place of the third article was the following:

Art. 3. Any one may become a member of this society by signing the following pledge in the appropriate column:

PLEDGE.

1. We, whose names are here subscribed, associated for the purpose of carrying on the Lord's work, do hereby agree, either to give to the Lord one-tenth of the income from some specified source, or from all sources over which we have control; and of this amount, not less than ten cents a month, or \$1.20 a year, shall be paid to the treasurer of this society, to be remitted to the W. B. M. P., for woman's work among women in foreign lands; the remainder of the tithe to be given as each donor shall choose.

2. Or else we agree to give for the W. B. M. P. the sum placed opposite our names—not less than \$1.20 a year—thereby becoming members of this society, as auxiliary to the Woman's Board.

3. Smaller sums subscribed for a specified object shall constitute the subscribers Associates members of this society.

Is it true that with such a Constitution we cannot be auxiliary to the W. B. M. P.? I would like all to answer this before our next meeting.

Your sister in Christ,

L. M. B.

EXPLOSIVE DUST.—In a lecture delivered some time ago, Prof. L. W. Peck, to illustrate the explosiveness of a mixture of dust and air, said: "If a large log of wood were ignited, it might be a week before being entirely consumed. Split it up into cord wood, and pile it up loosely, and it would burn in a couple of hours. Cut it up into shavings and allow a strong wind to throw them into the air or in any way to keep the chips comparatively well separated from each other, and the log would, perhaps, be consumed in two or three minutes; or, finally, grind it up into fine dust or powder, blow it in such a manner that each particle is surrounded by air, and it would burn in less than a second!"

Hartford, Ct., is to have a Soldiers' Monument, for which the city has appropriated \$60,000.

Home Circle.

The Christmas Blessing.

BY JULIA WARD HOWE.

The baby Christ, so fair and dear,
Shines out upon the closing year;
The skies are dark, the days are short,
In which He holds His childish court,
While angel heralds call again—
"Good will on earth, from heaven to men."

For loving gifts this is the time,
In frigid zone or torrid clime.
Each ranking spite we cast away
Before the kindly Christmas play,
And only genial faces show;
The little Christ will have it so.

We kiss the precious baby's hand,
And hail Him, loved of every land,
While still our earnest thoughts pursue
The way the babe to manhood grew;
The valiant service that repaid
The gifts beside his cradle laid.

Oh! not for the dimpled cheek and smile,
For gesture sweet and tender wile,
Do we His radiant presence prize,
And shout His promise to the skies;
We follow Him with willing mind,
Anointed champion of mankind.

So, while we greet the season's cheer,
And frolic with our loved ones dear,
Our hearts rehearse the pains divine,
Which gave us what we never design,
The hope of everlasting good;
The peace of God's own fatherhood.

—Youth's Companion.

Christmas Offerings.

We come not with a costly store,
O Lord! like them of old,
The masters of the sturdy barge,
From Ophir's shore of gold,
No weavings of the incense-tree,
Nor with the gifts we bring;
No odorous myrrh of Araby
Blends with our offering.

But faith and love may bring their best,
A spirit keenly tried
By fierce affliction's fiery test,
And seven times purified;
The fragrant graces of the mind,
The virtues that delight
To give their perfume out, will find
Acceptance in Thy sight.

ANON.

Paul Garwin's Christmas Eve.

BY J. T. THORNBURGH.

Christmas came on Sunday that year,
As it does this year. Saturday evening
was accordingly Christmas Eve; and
there was one good man, at least,
to whom that circumstance gave a double
satisfaction.

Mr. George Garwin had come home
from his noisy place of business, to his
tranquil fire-side, enjoyed his well-served
six o'clock dinner, and settled down com-
fortably to his newspaper, thankful that
it was the end of the week and that an-
other Christmas Eve found him alive and
prosperous, with all his family about him.
He heard the door-bell ring faintly,
but did not mind it until a servant came
to say there was a man at the door who
wished to speak with him.

"What name?" said Mr. George Garwin.

"He didn't give his name. He said
he wished to see you just a minute on
business."

"On business!" said Mr. George Garwin,
and the face so bland and satisfied
before became darkened by a frown.

For in Mr. George Garwin there were
two really quite distinct men; the man of
business, and the man of home and soci-
ety. The first, exact and exacting, up-
right, prompt and often stern; the second,
about as genial a friend and indulgent a
father as any you will meet between one
Christmas and another.

Mr. George Garwin liked to keep these
two persons entirely separate, and was
always annoyed when he found his twin
selves getting a little mixed.

"On business!" he repeated, laying
down his paper, dropping the glasses
from his nose, and going to the entry
with a rash, forbidding countenance, not
at all calculated to cheer the humble per-
son he found there.

That person was a grimy mechanic,
who stood hat in hand, his head of short,
bristling, black hair bowed in a rather ab-
ashed manner under the bright gaslight,
his wet boots planted on the elegant soft
carpet, and clusters of newly-fallen snow-
flakes melted on his soiled and somber
clothing.

"Warson!" Mr. George Garwin ex-
claimed, staring at the intruder. "What
are you here for?"

"If you please, sir," began the man—
"I beg your pardon, sir—I am sorry to be
obliged to ask you for it."

The look and voice of Mr. Garwin em-
barrassed him so that his voice here be-
came lost in an incoherent stammer.
"To ask what?" demanded Mr.
George Garwin.

"Money, sir!" said the poor man.

"Money!" echoed Mr. Garwin. "How
happens it that you come here for
money?"

"It's only my dues I am after," said
the man Warson, plucking up courage,
speaking more firmly. "My week's
wages, if you please, sir."

"I don't understand this," said Mr.
George Garwin, with his hands behind
him and his chin out, in a very arrogant
attitude. "My cashier has orders to
pay every man every Saturday night
every cent due to him. I draw checks
for him. That is all I have to do with
any man's wages."

"That's true, sir," said Warson. "And
sorry I am to trouble you; but I was off
this afternoon for two hours, on account
of my child's sickness, and when I got
back to the shop, the cashier said I was
too late; he had locked up his safe. He
said it was your orders to lock that al-
ways at half-past six."

"He was right!" said Mr. George
Garwin. "It's the rule; we must have
rules, and we mustn't allow them to be
broken. I have another rule; never to
instruct business out of business hours.
I can do nothing for you till Monday
then you shall have your wages."

"It's a sorry word you speak for me
and my poor family. And to-morrow
Christmas of all days!" said Warson,
with a tremor in his voice. "But if you
say it, I don't expect it will be unsaid.
I know you for a hard man, Mr. Garwin!"

"If you know me for a hard man,
don't come to me on such errands," said
Mr. George Garwin, with a singular
change in his look and voice. "But I
never expected a workman of mine would
say that!"

Warson went away, reluctant and dis-
satisfied; and Mr. George Garwin—his
business-self sadly mixed up with his
domestic-self, to the manifest detriment
of both—walked back to his sitting-room
and evening paper.

Then Mrs. George Garwin, who had
overheard the talk in the entry, and had
a glimpse of the snow-flaked, grimy me-
chanic, said in a tone of quiet pathos:

"The poor man really looked as if he
needed the money. I am sorry you
couldn't give it to him."

Mr. George Garwin was feeling a good
deal disturbed by Warson's last words,
and he was glad of an opportunity to de-
fend himself.

"So am I sorry! But it won't do to
break over my rule. If I begin to let my
men come after me here on business mat-
ters there'd be no end to it. Shop is one
thing, home is another, and I mean to
keep the two distinct."

"Of course, you are right," said Mrs.
George Garwin; "but it did seem as if this
was an exceptional case."

"I can't make exceptions. I must
treat all alike. This will teach him to
come to me in future. I'll teach him,
too, not to be impudent!"

Mrs. Garwin wanted to say something
about the man's sick child, but forbore,
seeing how much her husband was an-
noyed. And having, by his last remark,
quieted his conscience—if it was that
which had been disturbed—Mr. George
Garwin resumed the reading of his even-
ing paper.

In about half an hour, Mr. George Garwin,
his domestic-self now well disen-
tangled from the other, looked up cheer-
fully, and asked about the children's
presents. Being told what purchases had
been made for them, and that the girls
were even then in another room plotting
surprises for their parents and their brother
Paul, he smiled approvingly, and asked:

"Where's Paul?"

"Paul hadn't spent the five dollars
you gave him for Christmas; and he went
out a little while ago, I think, to buy
something."

"Let's see what he will do with his
money," said Mr. George Garwin, with a
pleasant laugh. "Paul is shrewd! Paul
is nobody's fool! We'll see!"

At the end of another half hour, having
examined some of the presents, particu-
larly those which had been bought in his
name, and talked in a genial, glowing
manner about the great comforts of life
with which they were blessed, (they had
no sick child!) he again inquired—

"Where's Paul? Hasn't he come in
yet?"

"That must be his step now!" said
Mrs. Garwin, quietly putting out of sight
a skating-cap she was embroidering.

The hall door opened; somebody was
heard shaking snow from an overcoat in
the entry; then a ruddy-faced boy of
fifteen came and looked into the sitting-
room.

"Come in, Paul!" cried Mr. George
Garwin. "Let's look at you! I want to
know if you found a use for your money?"

Paul entered hesitatingly, with an em-
barrassed smile.

"What did you buy?" said his
mother?

For answer he gave an apologetic shrug,
and threw up his empty hands.

"What! nothing?" cried his father.
"I suppose you'll think I've been very
foolish," said Paul, looking rather
ashamed as he took a seat with his damp
boots at the register. "But I believe you
said I could do just what I pleased with
that five dollars."

"Certainly; taking it for granted that a
boy of mine," said Mr. Garwin, "would
do nothing silly or extravagant; and
"Oh, I haven't been extravagant; and
I hope you won't think I was very silly.
And I'm going to tell you just what I've
done with that money, if I can think how
to begin."

Mr. Garwin looked at his son anxiously,
but with an indulgent expression
which encouraged him to go on.

"The truth is, as I was going along
the street, two men were walking just be-
fore me, and I heard one of them ask the
other to lend him a little money. To-
morrow being Sunday—and Christmas,
too—he must borrow a little, he said, or
he couldn't have the heart to go home to
his wife and children."

"I hope you haven't been giving money
to a tramp on the street!" exclaimed
Mr. George Garwin. "How often have
I told you that every tramp is a liar, a
thief in disguise!"

"I thought of that," said Paul, stam-
mering a little. "But I didn't believe
this man was a tramp. He couldn't
have made up such a story—it was so
straightforward—the boy's eyes glistened—
and so touching! He was a
laboring man, of some sort. He had been
disappointed in not receiving some money
due him; and if he couldn't borrow, or
get credit somewhere, his family must ac-
tually go hungry on Christmas, of all days
in the year."

Mr. George Garwin knitted his brows,
not with disapproval of what his son was
telling him, but with a stinging recollec-
tion of his own conduct towards the man
Warson an hour before.

"He, too, spoke of a sick child,"
thought he. "I might have given him
something if it hadn't been for my busi-
ness rules, and if he hadn't been insolent.
Go on, son."

"I hope I didn't act too impulsively,"
said Paul, crossing his feet on the regis-
ter. "But when he said that, I couldn't
help thinking of how much we have of
everything that is good, and how little

my five dollars would be missed here at
home!"

"Well, well, my boy!"

Mr. George Garwin coughed to clear
his throat, while the mother regarded
Paul with eyes full of pride and affec-
tion.

"I didn't know just what to do," said
Paul, going on with more confidence.
"His friend couldn't lend him anything;
and he turned down the next street, say-
ing he would try to get credit at a store
where he had traded sometimes; though
he didn't seem to have much hope that
he would succeed. Then I stepped for-
ward and said to his friend—

"Do you know that man?"

"Yes," he said; "I know him very
well, and an honest fellow he is; and it's
a shame that he should be in such a con-
dition of a Saturday night, and Christmas
Eve!"

"How happens it," I said, "that an in-
dustrious, sober man can't get a living,
so as to be a little more independent?"

"My boy," he said, "you don't know
anything about the lives of laboring men.
He gets twelve dollars a week; but what
is twelve dollars a week for support-
ing a family of six children with one
or more of them sick half the time, and
the wife worn out with work and watch-
ing? How can he get anything ahead?"

"Of course I couldn't answer that. So
I just asked the man's name, and where
he lived; I thought I would see for my-
self how he lived, if I could."

"Well," said Paul, after a moment's
pause, "I found the place without much
trouble, and O father, such a place for
an honest family to live in! All crowded to-
gether in one or two rooms; the mother, sick
herself, with a sick child in her arms; one
or two of the others crying—I couldn't
help thinking, what if we were obliged to
live in that way."

"I'm glad—I'm glad"—Mr. Garwin
cleared his throat again—"that you took
the precaution to see for yourself. But
what—what excuse did you make for
calling there?"

"Oh, I had a very good excuse. I
knew Mr. Thomas wasn't home, so I
asked for Mr. Thomas. I said I couldn't
wait to see him, and hurried away."

"Didn't you give the poor woman any
money?" Mr. Garwin anxiously inquired.

"I couldn't somehow have a face to do
that, though I thought afterwards I
might have left the money for her hus-
band; wouldn't he have been puzzled, but
a good deal more glad than puzzled,
when he got home?"

"I thought of another plan. I went to
the nearest grocery and bought some tea
and coffee and sugar and crackers and
a couple of loaves of bread; then to the
next provision store, where I bought a
fat turkey, and all the white potatoes and
sweet potatoes and apples I could get for
the rest of my money. I ordered all
these things sent to the house; and I
guess Mr. Thomas, if he has got home, is
astonished by this time!" Paul added,
with a radiant smile.

"O my son!" exclaimed Mrs. Garwin,
with a gush of love and gratitude.

Mr. Garwin gave a slow, emphatic nod
of approval. "You did right to satisfy
yourself with regard to the family's
circumstances before giving them help, he
said. "And, really, my boy, I don't see
but that you managed very well—indeed,
admirably! Did you send any name with
the provisions?"

"Yes, I thought Mr. Thomas ought to
know who sent them."

"You gave your name? That was
right."

"No," said Paul, "I sent them in
your name, father."

"In my name, Paul!" said Mr. Garwin,
surprised. "But that wasn't right! That
wasn't true."

"Let me tell you, father!" said Paul,
with something like an imploring look on
his fine young face. "You gave me the
money. I know you said I was to do
what I pleased with it; but I couldn't
have done that without it. And, really,
father, I had to say, 'A Merry Christ-
mas, from Mr. George Garwin.' I'll tell
you why. This man is one of your own
workmen."

"What!" said Mr. Garwin, with a
start.

"Yes; and he was making a bitter com-
plaint against you when I overheard him."

"What did he say?"

"I don't like to repeat it," said Paul.
"Don't lay it up against him, will you?
He was disappointed and desperate."

"Tell me what he said!"

"He said—he said—you passed for a
decent sort of a man, but you had no
mercy on a poor laborer, with your iron
rules. Rather than break one of them,
you would let his children starve."

Mr. George Garwin compressed his lips
and betrayed no little agitation as he re-
plied—

"I have no such man as Mr. Thomas
at work for me. This must have been
Warson."

"It was Warson—Mr. Thomas War-
son," Paul admitted. "I was afraid to
mention his full name at first. But now I
will tell you everything. I was in the
house when he called here this even-
ing; and, forgive me, father, when I saw
him and heard him speak, I felt sure that
you were unjust—unjust to yourself, I
mean; for we know that you are not hard
or unfeeling."

"So I followed him out, and heard him
talk with his friend on the street; and
father, I couldn't bear to have anybody
speak as he did of you; so I thought the
things ought to go in your name; and I
hope you will think so too."

"You are right; you are right, my
boy, every time!" Mr. George Garwin
exclaimed with emotion. "I was too
short with the man; we ought always to
give a poor man's claims generous con-
sideration. I thank you, my dear boy!"

"Oh yes, Paul; and I thank you!"
said his mother. "You have made me
so happy!"

As for Paul, he could say nothing for
the tears of joy and affection which

choked his voice. He had never known
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Miscellany.

The Poet and the Bird.

BY MRS. BROWNING.

Said a people to a poet: "Go out from among us straightway!
While we are thinking earthly things, thou
singest of divine;
There's a little fair, brown nightingale who,
sitting in the gateway,
Makes fitter music to our ear, than any
song of thine!"

The poet went out weeping—the nightingale
ceased chanting;
"Now, wherefore, O thou nightingale, art
all thy sweetness done?"
"I cannot sing my earthly song, the heaven-
ly poet wanting.
Whose highest harmony includes the low-
est under sun."

The poet went out weeping—and died
abroad, bereft, there—
The bird flew to his grave, and died amid a
thousand wails!
Yet, when I last came by the place, I know
the music left there,
Was only of the poet's song, and not the
nightingale's!

The Christ-Child's Message.

"If you come into the church Christ-
mas Eve with your heart full of peace
and good-will toward men, then to you
shall the Christ-child appear; but if you
bring one unkind thought toward any
one, then you will not see him, though
you wait so many hours."

Frau Stroebel said this in a monotonous
tone, as if she were repeating the
multiplication table. It was her usual
way of speaking, and, as he listened,
Stephen Burnette thought within himself
it was no wonder this emotionless creature
could talk about forgiveness, for to her
life was but the dead calm of a Sarago-
ssa Sea.

Not such, however, was the little Bertha.
She climbed into his lap with affection-
ate eagerness, and, clasping both arms
tightly around his neck, whispered
persuasively: "You'll come with me to
church and see the Christ-child. Won't
you?"

The man smiled bitterly at the thought
of his seeking such a vision. Then he
looked down into the clear blue eyes of
the little German girl, as she repeated,
with the unquestioning faith of childhood:
"You'll come with me and see the little
Christmas Jesus."

"Forgiving one another, even as God
for Christ's sake hath forgiven you."
Who spoke? Was it Frau Stroebel,
who sat at her sewing, with half-closed
lips, or had the room grown voiceful with
an unseen Presence?

A tide of bitter memories swept through
the mind of Stephen Burnette. He saw
a young lad working with his elder brother,
year after year, tilling the farm and
caring for the invalid father at home.
They grew to manhood—the younger,
honest and industrious, laboring faithfully
from earliest dawn; the elder, scheming
and unscrupulous, trading a little,
working less. He remembered how that
younger son had been sent away on some
trivial pretext, when, unknown to him,
the father was nearing his end; and had
returned to meet, unwelcome and un-
prepared, the funeral-bier. He recalled the
indifferent way in which his brother told
him they did not know where to send to
him, and the exultant look of the elder
brother when the will was produced.
During that last week it had been signed
and sealed by the dead father, giving the
property, all but a scanty pittance, to his
first-born; a will won from him by false
promises and base insinuations against
the absent. It might not have been, it
was not merely the loss of money that
was justly his—his father's wrong
touched deeper soundings than such dis-
appointed hopes; but at that hour the
younger man hardened till his heart was
like the nether mill-stone. Never again
would he speak that brother's name;
never again should there be word
or sign between them, though they still
lived in the same village—the one rich,
the other poor.

A few months since, and a great change
had come to the elder brother. It was
whispered among the mothers in Israel
that "Fordyce Burnette had experienced
religion." He had sent a letter to his
brother, asking forgiveness and offering
to make restitution of the property; and
it had been returned, unopened. He
had sought an interview, and repeated
the same words; but received neither word
nor look in reply. The cold, stern man,
whose heart had been ossified many years
before, pursued inflexibly the path he
had marked out for himself so long ago;
and now here was a little child, whose
golden hair had "caught and held the
sunshine" of but half a dozen summers,
trying to turn him aside into a new way.

"Forgive us our trespasses, as we for-
give those who trespass against us."
It was not Frau Stroebel who spoke, for
she was sitting motionless, with folded
hands and drooping eyelids. He glanced
down at his feet, and beheld the little
Bertha, startled at the look upon his face,
had slipped to the floor, and kneeling at
his chair, was softly repeating the Lord's
Prayer. When she had finished, he lifted
her gently to her feet, stooped and
kissed her—a thing he had never been
known to do before—and went quietly to
his room. What passed there no one
ever knew; but when, at last, he came
out, there was a new, strange look in his
face; a look of brightness, like the clear
shining after rain.

"Say not to him any more of going,
till the time is come for the church to be
open," whispered Frau Stroebel to her
daughter, and the wise little Bertha
nodded and smiled, and on this subject
preserved a silence more potent than
words; for at the appointed hour, when
she came, all cloaked and hooded, and
held out her little hand so coaxingly, he
suffered himself to be led over the crisp
snow, that crackled loudly beneath their
feet, until, at last, she brought him
safely into the church. And he smiled

faintly as he saw into what a pleasant
harbor his little steersman had guided
him, for the church was all ablaze with
light and echoing with Christmas carols.
Wax tapers flamed into added brightness,
as if they shared the gladness of the
hour, as the anthem pealed forth in stir-
ring measures, "Glory to God in the
Highest," while the choir caught up the
sweet refrain, till the very rafters rang
with the exultant chorus: "And on earth
peace, good-will toward men."

A giant Christmas-tree, whose branches
bent beneath the weight of loving gifts,
stood in the transept; and parents and chil-
dren were crowded there, in holiday at-
titude, the little ones on tiptoe with expecta-
tion, waiting for the time when the pres-
ents should be distributed. A little
later, and behind an arch of evergreens,
Stephen Burnette found the man who had
embittered and darkened his life. For an
instant his face looked white, and stern,
and motionless, as if carved in marble.
Then he shook off the clinging touch of
little Bertha and stepped forward, hold-
ing out his hand.

"My brother, forgive me!" That was
all he said. Only four words; but they
heralded a grander victory, after a fiercer
conflict, than ever Crusader knew.
Earth has its battle-fields elsewhere than
on grassy plains or at the rocky pass.

A thunderbolt could scarce have
startled the elder brother more; but,
grasping the extended hand, he said,
huskily: "It is I that have sinned against
you, and ask your pardon."

Then came a moment's pause. A
choking sensation held both silent; but
the warm pressure of hand to hand spoke
from heart to heart louder than any
words, and in the silence, clear and sweet
above her, the joy-bells began to ring.
The rush of little feet and an eager cry
for Mr. Fordyce Burnette. He was
wanted at the tree. Slowly the hands
unclasped, and the strong man's lips
trembled, as he turned. "I will see you
later," he said, as the children dragged
him away.

A half-hour passed, and Stephen Burn-
ette stood gazing upward, just above the
holly boughs in the organ-corner.
Was it fancy, or did he see a sudden
glory shine forth above the evergreens—
a strange brightness that took upon itself
the form of a child; a child, too, with
such divine beauty in his face as never
painter limned nor sculptor wrought, save
in some fleeting dream? And see! It
was coming nearer, with hands held out,
the beautiful Babe in the Manger, and
the face of the man was transfigured as
he gazed.

Bertha touched his arm excitedly.
"Do you see the Christ-child?" she
asked.

"Yes," he answered, softly; "and I
think I heard him saying, 'Come!'"

There was a dull, heavy sound, as of
something falling; but no one stopped to
notice. It was probably the wooden
frame of the evergreen arch, they thought;
and they turned again to the tree, anx-
iously watching to see who should be the
fortunate possessor of the glittering brace-
lets that swung from one of the highest
boughs. But the cries of little Bertha
soon brought them to her side, and she
lifted the lifeless body tenderly, vainly
trying to bring back the barque that had
slipped its moorings and drifted out on
the unknown sea.

"It is heart disease," said the doctor.
"I have noticed the symptoms for some
time. The excitement of the evening
was too much for him."

But little Bertha heeded not his words.
She had crept timidly to the side of her
old friend with a sprig of holly, which
she wanted to place in the pale, cold
hand; and a neighbor, who had marked
the little tear-stained face and lifted her
up for a last look, heard her murmuring
softly to herself: "He has followed the
Christ-child home."—The Independent.

Don't Go In.

"Young man, that is the gate-way of
hell," said an earnest Christian woman to
a young man loitering on a tavern step.
He started, turned, and went out—began
to reflect, to pray, to be a Christian.
That saloon door is the gate of perdition.
For your life, for your soul, don't go in!
O don't go in! It is the top of that in-
clined plane which is "smooth as glass,
slippery as ice," and ends in blackness of
darkness.

In there is the bad company, the
vulgar talk, the idle game, the drink of
poison fire, the beginning of the horrible,
treacherous, deadly appetite, which will
bind your soul with fetters of brass and
hooks of steel. Don't go in.

A wretched man, far gone in the
slavery of drink, drifted into a Methodist
meeting. The convicting Spirit met and
roused him, and he rose to go forward
with the penitents. But courage gave
way; he fell back, and found himself in
the street, and on the steps of a dram-
shop. There was a desperate struggle
for a moment, then exclaiming "God help
me," he tore himself away, and went
back to find the Lord and a redeemed life.

That saloon is a net laid to catch your
unwary soul; it leads to the castle of *Giant
Despair*, out of which you will never
come again into the sweet sunlight. God
is looking down from heaven; your soul is
hanging in the balance. For the sake of
the dear ones you will ruin, the life you
will blast, the heaven you will lose—don't
go in.—*India Watchman*.

A colored man who has been running
an account with a Macon merchant told
him the other day that he would not be
able to pay him anything this Fall, but,
by way of consolation, assured him that
he "didn't intend to quit trading with
him."

Since the introduction of the electric
light into the Paris Opera-House, there is
a great improvement in the acoustic prop-
erties of the building, which were said
to be impaired by the fumes of the gas-
light.

Rock a Bye, Baby.

"Rock a bye, baby, in the tree-top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,
Down tumbles baby, and cradle, and all."

Rock a bye, baby, the meadows in bloom
Laugh at the sunbeams that dance in the
room;
Echo the birds with your own baby tune,
Coo in the sunshine and flowers of June.

Rock a bye, baby, as softly it swings,
Over thy cradle the mother love sings,
Brooding and cooing at even or dawn,
What will it do when the mother is gone?

Rock a bye, baby, so cloudless the skies,
Blue as the depths of your own laughing
eyes,
Sweet is the lullaby over your nest,
That tenderly sings little baby to rest.

Rock a bye, baby, the blue eyes will dream
Sweetest when mamma's eyes over them
beam;
Never again will the world seem so fair—
Sleep, little baby—there's clouds in the air.

Rock a bye, baby, the blue eyes will burn
And ache with that your manhood will learn;
Swiftly the years come with sorrow and care,
With burdens the wee, dimpled shoulders
must bear.

Rock a bye, baby, there's coming a day
Where sorrows a mother's lips can't kiss
away;
Days when its song will be changed to a
moan;
Crosses that baby must bear all alone.

Rock a bye, baby, the meadows in bloom;
May never the frosts pall the beauty in
gloom;
Be thy world ever bright as to-day it is seen;
Rock a bye, baby, "thy cradle is green."
—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

What a Smile Did.

In a little red-brick house in our village
lived Gertrude White, a sweet little girl
about nine years old. She was a general
favorite in Cherryville. But she had one
trouble: Will Evans would tease her
because she was slightly lame, calling her
"Toad-head" whenever they met. Then
she would pout and go home quite out of
temper. One day she ran up to her
mother in a state of excitement. "Mother,
I can't bear this any longer," she said;
"Will Evans has called me 'Toad-head'
before all the girls."

"Will you please bring me the Bible
from the table?" said the good mother.
Gertrude silently obeyed. "Now will
my little daughter read to me the seventh
verse of the thirty-third chapter of Isaiah?"
Slowly and softly the child read how the
blessed Saviour was afflicted and op-
pressed, yet "opened not his mouth."
"Mother," she asked, "do you think
they called him names?" and her eyes
filled with tears as the sorrows of the Son
of God were brought before her mind.

When Gertrude went to bed that night
she asked God to help her to bear with
meekness all her injuries and trials. He
delights to have such petitions.

Not many days passed before Gertrude
met Will Evans going to school, and re-
membering her prayer and the resolution
she had formed, she actually smiled at him.

This was such a mystery to Will that he
was too much surprised to call after her,
if, indeed, he felt any inclination; but he
watched her until she had turned the
corner, and then went to school in a very
thoughtful mood.

Before another week passed they met
again, and Will at once asked Gertrude's
forgiveness for calling her names. Gertrude
was very ready to forgive, and they soon
became friends. Will saying, "I used to
like to see you get cross; but when you
smiled, I couldn't stand that." Gertrude
told Will of her mother's kind conversation
that afternoon, and its effect upon her.
Will did not reply, but his moist-
ened eyes showed what he felt, and he
said he would never call her names again.—*Rev. Dr. Newton*.

Congressman S. S. Cox, better known
as "Sunset" Cox, returned from an ex-
tended trip to Europe on November 29th,
in time for the opening of Congress. Mr.
Cox is as well known a humorist as he is
a politician, and his book, "Why We
Laugh," and his European letters have
given him something of a humorous liter-
ary reputation. It was quite appropri-
ate, therefore, that his return should
have been rather ludicrous. His friends
had arranged an elaborate reception for him
—a thing that every public man nowadays
inevitably undergoes in order to get on to
American soil—but the steamer ar-
rived unexpectedly, and Mr. Cox got
safely housed before his friends knew it.
The Reception Committee, therefore,
hurried up town, bundled Mr. Cox into a
hack, took him back to the dock, put
him on board the reception-tug, sailed
him up and down the harbor two or three
times, and Mr. Cox was compelled to
make a speech and eat a collation just as
though he had not gotten ashore surrepti-
tiously in the first place.

Lucy Hamilton Hooper writes from
Paris to the *Cincinnati Enquirer*: "It is
really amusing to find how little is known
about the United States in France. A
Colonel in the French army once asked
me, with a polite peroration respecting
the vast size of my native land, if the
United States were not twice as large as
France. 'We have one State,' I an-
swered, 'that is as large as France' (I
meant Texas), and there are forty States
in the Union.' The old gentleman looked
at me with an expression that said, as
plainly as words could have done, 'This
woman is lying to me most abominably,
but I will be polite and not let her see
that I know she is lying.' So he made
some vaguely civil remark and changed
the conversation. Yet this intelligent
military man prided himself on having
crossed the Atlantic and visited the
United States,—that is to say, New Or-
leans."

The London Postoffice has sensibly
changed the name "Dead Letter" to
"Returned Letter." Mr. James might
accept this amendment.

1882.
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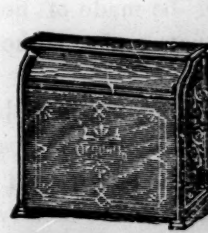
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DO NOT BEGIN THE NEW YEAR

Wednesday, Dec. 21, 1881.

It is the 21st of December, and it is 261 years since the Pilgrims set foot on the mainland of America, at Plymouth Rock. At this late day there is nothing new to be said about those grim fathers of the republic, so great in their unconscious heroism. But we who dwell by Seal-rock and in these milder latitudes can be grateful, as a specialty, for the comparatively sweet airs that float around us at the time of the winter solstice, and our freedom from the physical hardships which they endured; as, for instance, when their clothing froze as stiff as boards if their garments chanced to become wet. We are thinner blooded, it may be, than they were, but we are also much better clothed; and into what roomy and warm apartments we may retreat when exhausted. "Amid the storm they sang," are we as cheery, hopeful and courageous as were they in the midst of December snows, and fronting the hardships of the howling wilderness?

Mr. Bright was feted, addressed, and otherwise honored; first of all by those who called as a deputation from abroad; then by the hundreds of employees who flocked about him with every demonstration of gladness, to whom he made a most excellent and cheering address; and then by the entire community in the evening, in the Town Hall, where he spoke for more than an hour, reviewing his life and the progress of events since he became the representative of the place and people in various public positions. Forty years had been so spent, and all could see what advances had been made in private enjoyments and in the public welfare. Torch-bearers escorted the veteran statesman home, and troops of friends, and all the air was ablaze with fireworks. It is well to remember that the time was when Mr. Bright had no popularity, and some conflicts decidedly unpleasant; and that he has made his way to greatness and honor by contending for lofty principles.

The *Nineteenth Century* having set the example, magazines and newspapers have been busy of late, with the question of worry and work, and which is the most killing? As if the Psalmist, and other sacred writers, had overlooked the uselessness of too much work, and the destructiveness of frenzy and fret. These modern observers find that worry is worse than work, of which there can be no doubt. But the "hard case" comes when one works hard, and is worried and fretted by his work, as well. And the hardest case of all comes when one is worked and worried, and likewise conscience smitten. For instance, learn to pity a "saloonist" whose business is not pleasant, not so honorable as it might be, not cheering in its moral aspects, brings him reproaches from without and from within, brings him no day of rest on Sunday, and cannot surround him with the best associates nor the loftiest inspirations. What shall he do? Can he live long? No; men never live long who do not keep Sunday as a rest-day. Can he

Now, this is the style of reasoning employed by the Dutch critics and by Prof. Robertson Smith with respect to the alleged early origin of the Levitical statutes of ancient Israel. They point out that by the records given in Judges, Kings, and other historical books of the Bible, it would appear that some regulations in the Pentateuch were not obeyed; that the nation went along as if it had never heard of any regulations of the kind referred to. Therefore, they infer that those Mosaic prescriptions never saw the light till the time of Josiah or Ezekiel or Ezra. The book that was found in the reign of Josiah was not found, but made pretty much of whole cloth. Now, other parts of the reasoning of such critics may be more or less pertinent—of that we do not at present affirm—but the inference now alluded to is to be credited sparingly. It will not suffice alone. Because there were high places in Israel and Judah, is not a certain proof that high places were not forbidden. The Sunday law has been a California law, even if Californians have ignored its provisions.

We have been urged to appeal to the audience at this time and place for liquidation of this amount, so that any future receipts could go to furnishing the building or its better equipment for the purposes intended. Doubtless there are many that have only waited for this occasion to give evidence of their interest in this undertaking. Any such wishing to invest in this enterprise to the extent of \$5 or \$100 can do so by calling upon R. H. Burmeister, President of the Board of Trustees, or W. E. Hazeltine, Treasurer. Quite a number of friends in and out of the church have intimated their preference for special sittings, which they could call home in the church—much as they call their especial abode—home in the village—and have suggested to the Trustees that they rent the seats. To meet the desires of that class and at the same time suit others of the community, we have decided to offer for rent every other pew and only such throughout the house. The pews will be numbered the coming week, and either the odd or even pews offered, the others being for those who prefer free sittings. There will be no bidding for choice of seats; the price will be uniform throughout the house, and for the present will be fixed at \$5 per quarter, payable in advance, commencing January 1st, 1882. A map of the church will be prepared, each end of the long seats will be considered one seat, and any one desiring to contribute that way can see the map at my office. The funds raised as above shall be devoted: First, to the payment of arrears, as has been read in your hearing; Second, to the payment of our part of the minister's salary for the coming year; Third, to the fund for the

Yesterday was a season of remarkable interest. At 3 p. m., Major Whittle preached in the theatre to a large and very attentive audience. His theme was the Prodigal Son. He treated it in a masterly manner. The sermon was peculiarly original and searching—indeed, I never heard the subject handled with so much ability. At 7 p. m., he preached an equally telling discourse in the Congregational building, to a full house. At the close, twenty persons signified their desire for salvation. The interest seems to be largely on the increase. The singing is all that could be desired—in many respects quite equal to Mr. Sankey's. At the Preachers' Meeting to-day, it was resolved to request the evangelists to continue the meetings in this place until after the week of prayer, and longer if the interest required it. To-morrow has been set apart in all the churches as a day of humiliation and prayer for the special presence of the Holy Spirit. Let all of God's people pray for this work that it may very greatly increase.

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The entertainment last Thursday evening by the Unique Club (young ladies) in the parlors of the Second Congregational Church, Oakland, was a most enjoyable affair. It was a social, literary and financial success. Young people should always find the best social life in connection with the Church.

Petaluma, Saturday 17th inst.—Nearly all the members of the Congregational church, with many other friends, met at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Cooper to celebrate their golden wedding. The ceremony was performed by the pastor. Many gold coins and valuable presents were given to the aged couple. It was a very pleasant social. All the saloons and groceries were closed last Sunday. Arrangements are being made to close all the drug stores by next Sabbath, so that all business men may enjoy a day of rest. Rev. R. G. Jones preached in the morning: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God," etc. In the evening, "Jonah preaching the sermon God gave." He showed the credibility of Jonah's history and the important lessons it conveys to us.

The three days' Fair held at Auburn in behalf of the Congregational church building fund has proven a great success. It is safe to say that no better, earnest, successful workers than our Auburn ladies are to be found in California. Their works prove it. A net gain of \$475 is something to talk about, or better, something for a bank account. We congratulate our Auburn friends over the result.

Y. M. C. A.

The second in the series of medical talks to men only, was given in the Association Hall last Thursday evening, by Dr. Hewston, and the hall was full, notwithstanding the rain. The lecture this week will be given by Dr. John Scott, subject, "Physical Culture." The last in the course will be Thursday evening, Dec. 29th. As the new year is close at hand, it would be a good idea for interested persons to take out sustaining membership tickets, and present them to young men in whom they may feel an interest. They would serve as a Christmas or New Year's present, and no doubt would be highly appreciated. It would also be a good time for business men to join as life members. A reception to the young men representing the different trades in this city, will be given in the building on the evenings of Jan. 5th and 6th; Gov. Perkins will preside.

SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.—It is proposed by several representatives of the "Granite State" that a grand reunion of the sons and daughters be held in this city, at an early day. Should this proposition be carried out, it is hoped that a permanent organization may follow as in the case of other states of the union. Mr. L. F. True, Assistant Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, will be happy to meet, for conference, at his office, 232 Sutter St., day or evening, any friends of the enterprise.

The following statement, presented by the teacher of our Marysville Chinese Mission School, will be read with interest, I am sure, by every friend of Christ.

W. C. P.

Rev. W. C. Pond, Secretary California Chinese Mission.

DEAR SIR: At your request I submit the following statement respecting the work of the Marysville Chinese Mission for the year past:

The school has been maintained without any interruption except on occasional holidays. In connection with it a Sunday-school has been sustained, meeting every Sabbath at 6 o'clock in the evening. The total number of Chinese enrolled as pupils in the Mission School is 98. All these have been, for a shorter or longer period, under our influence, and must have learned something about Jesus and his power to save from sin. The average membership, month by month, has been about 35. The largest average attendance in any one month was 23. The average attendance for the year, 17.

We have, in connection with the Mission, an Association of Christian Chinese, to which none are admitted except those who are believed to be truly converted, and in which all such remain for six months or more—sometimes for a full year—learning more of Christ, and being tested as to their interest in him, before they are recommended for baptism and reception to the church. Ten of the pupils have joined this association during the past year. From among the members of the association five have been baptized and received in the Presbyterian church, and five others are now recommended for baptism. We rejoice greatly in the fruit of our labors. I pray God for still richer harvests in time to come.

Among the interesting incidents of the year was the picnic given by members of the school at Hock Farm, May 13th. Thirteen Chinamen and seven American ladies—their teachers and friends—constituted the party, the gentlemen gallantly bearing the entire expense. All the party enjoyed the day greatly.

Another incident was the gentle but firm bearing of one of our little ones, under persecutions for Christ's sake. His cousins hearing that he had joined the association remonstrated with him, and told him that they had been charged by his mother to see to it that he did not become a Christian. Finding argument to be of no avail they resorted to blows, and whipped him severely, but his firm response was, "You may kill me, but I will not go back to worship idols." I am glad to say that when the law was applied to the protection of our little boy the appeal was not in vain, but his persecutors were accused and fined. This boy very appropriately recited, at our anniversary, the hymn, "Dare to Do Right."

One of those baptized and received to the church has returned to China. I venture to give the following extract from a

letter which I received from him a few weeks since: "We meet on the steamer three Christian brothers beside me. I feel comfortable in the way my home. They about five hundred of my countrymen in the steamer. But they are all heathen; we are preachers for them. They are never heard the gospel of life, and some very glad to hear us, and some are not. How wonderful our Heavenly Father has made this world! We are cross the great ocean, we ought thank him for and his kindness for us and his love. When we get near Japan they are idolatrous people to ask for us to give money to sacrifice idols, goddesses. I say no; if I have money I would like to put on missionary fund. But they are scold and angry for us. But we are not afraid for them. Jesus Christ with us always."

Much more might be written, but I must not make my report too long.

Yours respectfully, M. A. FLINT.

Other Denominations.

PRESBYTERIAN.—Rev. W. J. Smith, of the Tabernacle, in this city, discoursed recently in the First Church, Oakland, in the interest of the Y. M. C. A.—At St. John's, in this city, Dr. Scott preached on behalf of Home Missions, Sunday before last.

BAPTIST.—Rev. J. Q. A. Henry, of Sacramento, reports six additional baptisms. Nearly 90 are attending the Chinese mission, under the care of Rev. J. B. Hartwell, in this city.—Rev. T. J. Arnold, of Woodland, has been preaching for a few Sabbaths in Napa, with good results.—The various churches in this city report additions to their numbers.

METHODIST.—Rev. Geo. Clifford is on the sick list and confined to his home in Napa.—Rev. A. T. Needham has lectured at East Oakland on "A Soldier's Story of the War."—The Sunday-school of the First Church, Oakland, recently held its nineteenth anniversary. It was quite an interesting affair.

METHODIST SOUTH.—Rev. H. W. Featherstone, of San Bernardino, has been working successfully with his own hands on a paragonage. The result is a comfortable and commodious paragonage almost completed.—Rev. M. J. Law has settled at Carpinteria. Rev. Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Overton, of Orland, have been surprised by their friends on the occasion of their crystal wedding.

Rev. B. F. Burns, of Merced, finds encouragement in his work.

Temperance.

One of the events of last week in this city was the presentation of the McDonald prizes to the pupils of the public schools who had written the successful essays on "Intemperance and Tobacco." Dr. McDonald presented the prizes in a very pleasing manner.—The Sunday law agitation still goes on. In many places it is now observed, and the quiet consequent thereof is much enjoyed.

Dr. Hough's church at Jackson, Mich., has given \$575 this year for Home Missions, besides \$100 to aid a struggling church at Oxford, Mich., and three Missionary barrels, valued at \$225; and \$300 to the A. M. A.; and \$300 to A. B. C. F. M., in addition to which last item our ladies pay the salary of Miss Hollister at Aintab, \$350; the Young Ladies' Mission Circle supports a native teacher at Bore, Turkey, and the Willing Workers (little folks) have given \$10 to help build the "John Brown Steamer" for the Mendi Mission, and \$13.20 for a scholarship in school at Shur, Turkey, and the Sunbeam Band, \$10.50 for school at Tarsus.

Nothing better illustrates the carelessness with which Congress sometimes legislates than the discovery of what the Arrears Pension bill really means. When this bill was passed, Senator Ingalls thought that the total amount to be distributed under it would be about \$20,000,000. In the Cabinet meeting at which it was discussed, Secretary Sherman estimated that it would require an expenditure of \$150,000,000, and Secretary Schurz read a letter from Commissioner Bentley, in which that official declared that the bill would require an immediate expenditure of \$36,000,000, with an increasing annual requisition to carry out its provisions. In spite, however, of the opposition of the members of the Cabinet, President Hayes signed the bill. It now appears, according to Commissioner Dudley's estimate, that the remaining claims for arrears of pensions under this act will exceed the enormous sum of \$235,000,000, with the possibility of further demands. The Commissioner thinks that over 195,000 claims will have to be granted under the provisions of the act by the close of the next year. The generous impulse which prompts the country to care for the men who cared for it in a time of peril is eminently wise and just; but it is certainly an unprecedented thing for a Government to assume the support for the rest of their natural lives of a disbanded army; which is about what this bill amounts to. The opportunities for corruption in the handling of this immense amount of money are so evident that Congress ought to give the matter speedy and serious attention.

—*Christian Union.*

The Congregational Publishing Society, Boston, have issued the "Little Pilgrim Question Book" on the International Lessons for 1882, for younger scholars. It is the work of Mrs. William Barrows, and is well done. Price 15 cents.

Last year the German wire mills supplied England with 30,000 tons of wire, and Russia with 40,000 tons. France received from Germany from 12,000 to 15,000 tons of steel wire for sofa springs, and America not less than 30,000 from the same source.

A Toledo man proposes to build a hotel with a small chapel instead of a bar.

Week of Prayer, 1882.

The Executive Committee of the Evangelical Alliance recommend the following programme for the several days of the annual Week of Prayer:

Sunday, Jan. 1.—Subject for discourse: "Renewed Consecration."

Monday, Jan. 2.—Thanksgiving for the blessings, temporal and spiritual, of the past year, and prayer for their continuance.

Tuesday, Jan. 3.—Humiliation and confession on account of individual, social and national sins.

Wednesday, Jan. 4.—Prayer for the blessing of God on his Church and his Word.

Thursday, Jan. 5.—Prayer for the young and all agencies for Christian training.

Friday, Jan. 6.—Prayer for the universal prevalence of peace and righteousness.

Saturday, Jan. 7.—Prayer for Christian Missions, the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and the conversion of the world.

It is Charles Buxton who writes:

The longer I live, the more deeply am I convinced that that which makes the difference between one man and another, between the weak and powerful, the great and insignificant, is energy, invincible determination; a purpose once formed, and then death or victory. This quality will do anything that is to be done in the world, and no two-legged creature can become a man without it.

And by this we are reminded of the remark of a young man who has recently lived in two of the chief cities of Mexico. He landed in this city. The things that drew his attention first, were the style and size of the buildings, the bigness of the horses, and the quick, hurried movements of the people. He had come from a region where climate, training and habit combine to render people quiet, leisurely and slow. They may not be without energy, all of them; but there even energy takes its time, and none wish to be hurried. We Americans are constantly saying that "life is too short" for this and that; and so we hasten along; and, very likely, show as much weakness as energy in our overweening anxiety not to fall behind the man of swiftest foot.

DIED.—In this city, Dec. 16th, Peter N. Hanna, aged 39 years.

Some nine years ago, Mr. Hanna was in very poor health and had seemed near, but he rallied, and has been able most of the time, until about one year ago, to attend to his business as a member of the firm of J. & P. N. Hanna, 308 Davis street. For the last year he has been a sufferer. Every thing was done for him that the kindest friends could do, but in vain. His sickness had come, and now he is a rest. He made a profession of religion in 1875, during the meetings held here by Mr. Hammond, and joined the First Congregational Church. His doubts, which had been many, were removed, and he was very faithful and happy in his Christian life. And when his time came, he was ready and longed to go. The funeral was attended by Rev. Mr. Stone on Monday. Our sympathy goes out to that stricken household, to that father and mother whose six children have all preceded them to the grave. What attractions, ever increasing, are to them and to us all in the Heavenly Land.

Special Treasury Agent Tingle, in his annual report, urges the abolition of twenty-one ports of entry from which during the past year the Government has not collected a single dollar of duties, and thirty-two districts in which "the year's collections from all sources have not equalled the year's expenses;" a state of affairs, he declares, which has been true of many a previous year. These Custom Houses are supported with the full complement of officials, deputies, inspectors, and clerks, who have practically no work to do and no duties to discharge except the drawing of their salaries. Special Agent Tingle, oblivious apparently of the fact that Custom Houses are valuable political machines, would abolish these useless institutions, and the country falls in with his suggestions. So says the *Christian Union*. We endorse it and pass it along. How many Government officials are drawing fat salaries without earning them? They are in all parts of the country, and their number is among the thousands. How long the people will stand this imposition remains to be seen.

From surveys taken in the Province of Ufa, Russia, it appears that the former forest area of 17,577,000 acres has now been diminished by more than 3,500,000 acres, and yet the population is only three to the square mile.

The German steamer *Hermann*, on its last voyage from Baltimore, having run short of coal, burned twenty tons of tobacco for fuel, a use that the most extreme anti-smoker would not disapprove.

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Visitors to the Dore Gallery, London, will remember the superb painting, occupying nearly an entire side of the gallery, entitled

"Christ Leaving the Praetorium."

Of his magnificent painting—the most important of Dore's works—a pure line steel engraving has just been completed in England. This engraving is only sold by subscription, and the price is £8, or about \$30. It is absolutely impossible to secure a copy at a less price, except through this offer. The engraving represents the Savior as he is leaving the Praetorium, after being condemned to crucifixion. He is descending the steps leading from the judgment court. At the foot of the steps stand two burly executioners, in charge of the cross which the Savior is to bear. On the right are the followers and believers of Christ, with despair in their every look, while the mother of our Lord is an agonized and fainting attendant. In the rear and on the left are the judges and officers, surrounding Pontius Pilate, who are looking with fierce complacency on their work. The central figure is that of Christ, as he uncomplainingly descends the steps to take up the cross and bear it to the scene of his crucifixion.

The work in this portion of the engraving is more perfect and beautiful than we had supposed could ever be executed. The expression of the faces, the grouping of the figures, and the careful attention to detail in the drapery and accessories of the picture, are carried out in perfection and with consummate skill. There is a very large number of figures in the work, and all are depicted with life-like faithfulness. It stands to-day unquestionably

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The object of the extraordinary offer is to bring our enterprise into immediate recognition in this country, so that when we announce future works, the public will have had an opportunity to judge of the quality and beauty of the art work produced by the American Art Exchange.

Until the first edition is exhausted we will ship a perfect copy of the engraving "Christ Leaving the Praetorium" to any applicant. The engraving (which is a very large one) will be put up in a heavy tube, and sent by mail. The only charge will be the cost of tubing and postage, which will be 10 three-cent stamps. It was at first thought 20 cents would be sufficient for this charge, but from frequent breaking of the tubes (thus making them heavier) so that they could not be broken except in cases of an accident. This necessitated an increase of charges for this purpose to 30 cents or 10 three-cent stamps. On receipt of application we will immediately forward this superb engraving to any address in the United States, all charges prepaid, when 10 three-cent stamps are enclosed in letter to cover postage and tube. At any time within one year we will take back the engraving and allow a credit of \$3 for it in payment for any works issued by us.

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Commit thy way to God,
The weight which makes thee faint;
To him breathe thy complaint,
He who for winds and clouds
Maketh a pathway free,
Through wastes, or hostile crowds,
Can make a way for thee.

Hope, then, though woes be doubled,
Hope, and be undismayed;
Let not thy heart be troubled,
Nor let it be afraid.
This prison where thou art,
Thy God will break it soon,
And flood with light thy heart,
In his own blessed noon.

Up! up! the day is breaking,
Say to thy cares, good night!
Thy troubles from thee shaking,
Like dreams in day's fresh light.
Thou wearest not the crown,
Nor the best course can tell;
God sitteth on the throne,
And guideth all things well.

Some Causes for Thanksgiving and Praising God.

PART II.

The causes for which we ought to offer up "Thanksgiving and Praise" to God are without number. We should spend our lives in thanksgiving; it is due Him who is our Guide and Leader, our Protector and Saviour.

Let us study some of the examples that we have in the Book of books:

Melchizedek: Gen. xiv. 20.
Abraham's servant: Gen. xxiv. 27.
Moses and Miriam: Ex. xv. 1, 21.
Jethro: Ex. xvii. 10.
Deborah and Barak: Judges v. 1, 31.
David: 1st Chron. xvi. 1, 36; xxix. 10, 13; Ps. lxxv. 7; ex. 164.
Solomon: 2d Chron. vi. 4.
Ezra: Neh. viii. 6; Ezra vi. 27.
Hezekiah: Is. xxxviii. 19.
Daniel: Dan. ii. 23; vi. 10.
Zechariah: Luke i. 64.
Mary: Luke i. 46.
The Shepherds: Luke ii. 20.
Simeon: Luke ii. 28.
Anna: Luke ii. 38.
The Disciples: Luke xix. 37, 38.
The Apostles: Luke xxiv. 53.
The First Converts: Acts ii. 47.
The Lame Man: Acts iii. 8.
Paul and Silas: Acts xvi. 25.
Paul: Acts xvii. 35; Col. i. 3; 1st Thess. i. 2; Rom. i. 8.

Then look at the great example we have, our Saviour, Jesus Christ, for he has set us the example of praising and thanking the Father: Matt. xi. 25, 27; xxvi. 27; J. hn xi. 41, 42.

How many there are these days who have the same causes for thanksgiving and praising God. He only knows why we praise him. We will study a few of the many reasons for doing so.

We find that he is worthy of praise, 2 Sam. xxii. 4; that he is glorified by it, Ps. xlii. 23; 1; 23; Ps. cxvii. 6. It is due to him on account of his majesty: Ps. cxvii. 1, 6; Is. xlv. 14; of his glory: Ps. cxviii. 15; Ezek. ii. 12; of his greatness: 1 Chron. xvi. 25; Ps. cxlv. 3; of his holiness: Ex. xv. 11; vi. 3; of his wisdom: Dan. ii. 20; Jud. 25; of his goodness: Ps. cxvii. 8; cxviii. 1; Ps. cxviii. 1; Jer. xxxiii. 11; of his mercy: 2 Chron. xx. 21; Ps. lxxxix. 1; Ps. cxviii. 1, 4; cxviii. 1, 26; of his loving kindness: Ps. cxviii. 2; of his faithfulness: Is. xlv. 1; of the salvation which he has bestowed on us: Ps. cxviii. 46; of his wonderful works: Ps. lxxxix. 5; Ps. cx. 2; Is. lxxv. 1.

We should praise him for the consolation and comfort that he bestows on us: Ps. xlii. 4; Is. xlii. 1; for his counsel: Ps. xvi. 7; Jer. xxxiii. 19; for the pardon of our sins: Ps. ciii. 1, 3; Hos. xiv. 2; for our constant preservation: Ps. lxxi. 7, 8; cxvii. 6; for his protection: Ps. xxviii. 7; Ps. lix. 17; for the hope of glory, for spiritual and temporal blessings: 1st Peter i. 3, 4; Ps. cii. 2; Eph. i. 3; Ps. ciii. 1, 14; Ps. cxviii. 5; and for the continuance of blessings, for there is no end to them; they are bestowed on us all the time: Ps. lxxviii. 19.

We ought to praise him, for it is comely to do so: Ps. cxviii. 1; Ps. cxvii. 1; and it is binding on all—on angels: Ps. ciii. 20; cxlviii. 2; on saints: Ps. xxx. 3; cxlii. 5; on all ranks and grades of society: Ps. cxviii. 1, 11, 13; Rev. xix. 5; all men and creation: Ps. cxvii. 8; Ps. cxlv. 21; cxlviii. 1, 10; c. 6.

What way ought we to praise him? It should be done with the understanding: Ps. xlviii. 7; 1 Cor. xiv. 15; with the soul: ciii. 1, 2; c. 35; with the whole heart: Ps. ix. 1; cxi. 1; cxviii. 1; with uprightness of heart: Ps. cxix. 7; with the lips: Ps. lxxiii. 3; cxvii. 171; with the mouth: Ps. li. 15; lxxiii. 5; with joy: Ps. cxviii. 4; c. 1; with gladness: 1 Chron. xvi. 4; Neh. xii. 24; Ps. cxlvii. 7.

Also it should be offered continually: Ps. xxxv. 28; during life: Ps. cxv. 33; more and more: Ps. lxxi. 14; day and night: Rev. iv. 8; for ever and ever: Ps. cxlv. 1, 2; throughout the world, Ps. cxlii. 3; in psalms and hymns, Ps. cxv. 2; Eph. v. 19; Col. iii. 6; and in public worship: Ps. ix. 14; c. 4; cxviii. 19, 20; c. 22; Heb. ii. 12.

O. C. POPE.

Historical—Thirty-one Years Ago.

[From the Evening Picayune of San Francisco, Dec. 24, 1850.]

CELEBRATION OF THE NEW-ENGLAND SOCIETY.

We have rejoiced with joy unspeakable in the formation of the society which yesterday celebrated, in this city, the memorable 22d of December, 1620—the day that witnessed the Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers of New England on the rock of Plymouth. This association is fitted to keep alive and perpetuate on these western shores, and to carry abroad, so far as the influence of our civilization is felt, a practical remembrance and appli-

cation of the great principles of civil and religious liberty which those eminent men planted on this continent. The grand principle that man, educated, can govern himself, is the only true principle of civilization. The sons of New England have afforded some of the brightest examples of that ennobling sentiment, and we cannot doubt, that under the stimulants and opportunities that surround those favored sons in California, they will, each and all, in their individual and associated relations, present pure and impressive illustrations.

Of the celebration yesterday our limits do not permit us to give lengthened details. The performances at the church were of the most interesting and stirring character, and carried our associations back to the scenes of our childhood and youth with peculiar vividness.

The assemblage was presided over with great dignity by Charles Gilman, Esq., and the performances were proceeded with agreeably to the programme. An appropriate piece of music was performed by a quartette of gentlemen in the choir, with the accompaniment of the organ;—after which the audience listened to an extemporary prayer, offered by the Rev. Mr. Stanley, of the Unitarian Society of this city. If we may be allowed by New Englanders to remark on a public exercise of that character, we will say that the prayer was eminently appropriate. Chaste and concise in terms, humble and reverent in spirit, and in every sense a prayer fitted to carry the thoughts and affections up to Deity, rather than an oration addressed to God, but designed to please the ears of men, as is too often the case in the prayers made for public occasions.

The beautiful hymn, "The Pilgrim Fathers," by Mrs. Hemans, was then sung in a very excellent manner.

The reading of passages from the Scriptures, by Rev. Mr. Wheeler of the Baptist Church, was well timed and well received.

Of the address from the Hon. James Wilson, we can only say that, although he disclaimed all purpose of delivering an oration, and most eloquently defined what an oration should be, yet his purely extemporaneous address reached, in point of oratory and effect, about as near to his own ideal of an oration as any of the celebrated efforts to which he alluded.

The chief topics which he illustrated were, first, the influence of the principles of civil and religious liberty entertained, practiced and inculcated by the Pilgrim Fathers upon forming the character, shaping the government and directing the destinies of the American people; and second, the sentiment that educated intellect was the only agent that could develop and bring into energetic action all the physical capabilities of men. In discussing and illustrating these points, he held his audience in the most profound and enraptured attention for an hour, and we venture to say that the influence of his views, and the application he made of them, will be made to appear in the future career of those who heard him. We are happy to hear our neighbor of the *News* has furnished the public with this address in extenso.

At an early hour in the evening, the members of the Society and the guests sat down to a sumptuous table, under the direction of the celebrated Delmonico. We have no hesitation in saying that, for taste and elegance, nothing could have been added. The festivities of the evening were characterized by that degree of hilarity which is natural to such a supper, might occur upon such an occasion.

One who was present has the following recollections of the dinner:

The tickets, \$15 each. No ladies present. The large company was made up of merchants and public men.

There was much merriment over the broken English of the French consul, B. Perley Poore, who thought the old clergy of New England too severe, and gave as a reason that one or more of them had been the means of getting him whipped when he was a boy. The company thought he was served right.

Col. Collyer, when called on, said he could not make a speech, as his head was off. News had just come that he had been removed from the office of Collector of the Port, and T. Butler King appointed. But he did make a talk full of wit and tender feeling. In reply to Mr. Poore, he said that the ministers were very kind to him when a boy. His old pastor would sit with a stick and pocket-knife, and keep tally for the boys when they played ball; that pastor was the boys' friend.

Then he told how his people moved to Ohio when he was a boy, and how there was in Ohio the same well-poles with the bucket dangling in the air; there the same large farm-house was enclosed but never entirely finished inside; it was painted red, with white trimmings for window and door frames. He went on to tell how they not only carried their peculiarities but their institutions and their principles west with them, and those principles made the West what it is.

Gen. James Wilson, who had been Governor of New Hampshire and Governor of Minnesota, the parent of the saying, "New Hampshire is a glorious old state to emigrate from," was there in the full prime of manhood, and appeared at his very best; his constant flow of humor added largely to the enjoyment of the evening.

Somebody observes that when six young ladies sit down to talk about a new dress pattern, a small boy with a tin horn is a refuge for the weary.

A paper says: "The school committee have decided to erect a new school-house large enough to accommodate five hundred scholars five stories high."

An exchange says: "An umbrella that keeps the year round is altogether too religious for us."

Woman's Medical College.

From the address by Mrs. S. E. Furnas Wells, M. D., President of the Woman's Medical College of the Pacific Coast, the first term of which college began Nov. 15th, at 155 New Montgomery St., this city:

Now, after years spent in many foreign lands, in both the Northern and Southern Hemispheres, in my tour of the world, I have decided to engage in a most important work in this city. For one, I am deeply interested in establishing the Woman's Medical College, Hospital and Dispensary of the Pacific Coast. It has been but little more than one hundred years since the Franciscan Fathers planted the first vines and orchards in the State of California; the old mission vine, the olive, the pear and the pomegranate still exist as monuments to their memory.

Less than half a century has elapsed since the news of California's fabulous wealth burst upon the world, and turned with electric force the tide of emigration to her shores. Now the institutions of California hold rank with the first on the Continent. Science, art, discovery and invention seek her bourn as their true home.

"Behold the mighty change that time has wrought; a city vast where once the hamlet stood; taste, wealth, culture, their rich treasures brought. Art writes her triumphs o'er each fertile rood."

Our meeting this evening for the Opening Exercises of the Woman's Medical College of the Pacific Coast, is an event well worthy of the records of this mighty march of progress. To woman's advancement, more liberality and courtesy could not be shown in any part of the world than on the Pacific Coast. And a more favored spot for a Woman's Medical College could not be found than in San Francisco, the metropolis of the Golden State. The idea of this institution was barely suggested when it was caught up and impelled onward with rapidity even startling to us, the originators. Since our first formal meeting, Oct. 6th, for organizing a Woman's Medical College, the theme has constantly occupied our minds, and to it we have devoted our time, sinking individual interests for the good of the cause.

This evening, we, the incorporators and directors of the Woman's Medical College, Hospital and Dispensary of the Pacific Coast, appear before you, to interest you in this grand and noble cause, to impress the thought that you, individually, may have a part in a work which, though small in its beginning, may live to accomplish its purposes and grace the pages of history after you have passed away. For, like a truth once uttered, it will be heard and heeded by some one, and heard and heeded will multiply itself a thousand fold. Woman and her work is one of the greatest questions of the age; and while social problems of chief interests concern her, the laws of her physical life shape her destiny and reveal her future.

Women, as well as men, have duties to discharge for the good of the race and the hopes of mankind. Perhaps of all the professions, the practice of medicine opens to her the grandest field of usefulness, and affords her an appropriate sphere. The number of cultured women now engaged in the practice of medicine have demonstrated in the most practical manner their fitness for a profession once regarded as a clothing only to men, and a profession to which they may devote their lives, without relinquishing a degree of true womanliness. The medical education of women is no longer a question, it is now a fact accomplished and accepted as such, even by those who at first were its strongest opponents. At this day no plea or apology is needed, since it is presumed that the justice and wisdom of the measure will commend itself without argument to the common sense of those who think. The medical education of women must be more thorough and carried to a higher degree than the medical education of men.

It is our aim to have a college which will afford women opportunities for acquiring a thorough medical education, and to qualify them to take positions in society which will advance their own welfare, make them useful to themselves, their families and the world. The interests of our college are more fully set forth in our Announcement, which is now printed and in circulation.

The Holidays.

The sweet and merry Christmas is near, and the happy, mysterious faces of the children betray their expectation of a good time, and the pleasant gifts they are to receive. The girls have their little whispering seasons together, concerning the doings of friends and parents. The boys walk knowingly, carrying their heads tilted high, and loftily assert their non-expectations in the way of presents, although they know very well that many a little interview is held between papa and mamma on their account. Yes, the children know they are to be remembered in the good old way. We sincerely hope that every boy and girl in San Francisco will receive a beautiful present. And the older children all have their pleasant anticipations. They are more grave, for they have more chastened thoughts. They wander back to that far-away time, in that distant land, and some parents take the occasion to tell to the little ones the strange, sweet story. So, that in all the mirth, the children know what the day means.

A week later we shall celebrate in various ways the coming of the lively New Year. Some of us will make new and healthy resolutions, and try to wipe out and forget all the wrong of the old year. We may fail, however, in this. The old king seldom takes all the regrets with him as he departs. Though we do the best we can, we still have enough of the little tings of conscience to make us regretful, and to make us resolve to turn over a new leaf for the next year. The pale face of some

neglected friend; the sorrowful eyes of the troubled toiler, turned to us with a gleam of hope, only to be dashed by our indifference or inability; the desolate stranger who sought to obtain a little change in his cheerless life and was denied the short hour of our time that might have given healing to his fainting spirit; perhaps the dollar earned in that hour will soothe our regrets. The ungranted boon, the unfulfilled duty, the unspoken word. Oh! the best of us have but little to boast, if we examine ourselves unselfishly.

And we cannot forbear the mention of one terrible regret that many must feel—ladies, young, middle-aged and elderly. We allude to the practice of having wine and other and stronger liquors at their New Year's receptions. If they realize that their gentlemen friends have to drink twenty, thirty or fifty times during the day, they must see that even moderate drinkers would be in some danger of becoming in a refined way intoxicated. Would it not be better to drink coffee, lemonade, and that other beverage that "cheers but not inebriates," and let the young man go from their presence in all his pride and manliness, respecting them all the more in his heart that they have not tempted him, and caused him to totter from their sight with trembling knees and clumsy speech.

If you tell us we are antiquated in our principles, we accept it; if you say we are ridiculous and severe, we do not concur; for we are often ashamed of our lukewarmness on the questions that are of vital importance to society, and if we had not, on many a New Year's Day, witnessed "with our own eyes" some scenes slightly revolting, caused by too free a use of the juice, we should still let society take care of itself, and never say a word. But really, we do feel like pleading with the ladies of San Francisco to try the experiment of no wine on New Year's Day. It is in your hands, to treat or not to treat; and with this question, perhaps, the destiny of many a young man is in your hands also. Will you assume the responsibility? May the coming New Year begin the change! It has been some time since we experienced a sensation; it is the ladies' turn now. There is no better time than the present.

In Earthen Vessels.

The Master stood in his garden,
Among the lilies fair,
Which his own right hand had planted
And trained with tender care.

He looked at their snowy blossoms,
And marked with observant eye
That his flowers were sadly drooping,
For their leaves were parched and dry.

My lilies need to be watered,
The heavenly Master said;
Wherein shall I draw it for them,
And raise each drooping head?

Close to his feet on the pathway,
Empty and frail and small,
An earthen vessel was lying,
That seemed of no use at all.

But the Master saw and raised it
From the dust in which it lay,
And smiled as he gently whispered,
"This shall do my work to-day."

"It is but an earthen vessel,
But it lay so close to me;
It is small but it is empty,
That is all it needs to be."

"So to the fountain he took it,
And filled it full to the brim;
How glad was the earthen vessel
To be of use to him!"

He poured forth the living water
Over his lilies fair,
Until the vessel was empty,
And again he filled it there.

He watered the drooping lilies
Until they revived again;
And the Master saw with pleasure
That his labor had not been in vain.

His own hand had drawn the water,
Which refreshed the thirsty flowers,
But he used the earthen vessel
To convey the living showers.

And to itself it whispered,
As he laid it aside once more,
"Still will I lay in my pathway,
Just where I did before."

"Close would I keep to the Master,
Empty would I remain;
And some day he will use me
To water his lilies again."

—Selected.

A Logical Conclusion.

Professor—"The ideas embodied in your composition, Mr. Dubois, are excellent; but I do not quite understand your meaning in one or two instances; for example, you speak of the wrinkled land."

Mr. Dubois—"Certainly, monsieur; I have obtained this expression from a dictionary. What is it you call a l-o-u-g-h?"

Professor—"Plough."

Dubois—"Oh yes; tres bien; very good! and wize zis plough one dig up zis ground, in order therein to place zis seed?"

Professor—"Quite correct."

Dubois—"Well now; and how do you call zis long indentation which one produce by zis plough?"

Professor—"That is called a furrow."

Dubois—"Exactly; excellent. I sink you will in one moment acknowledge that I have improve my time in the contemplation of your so admirable language. I have read yesterday a poem in which zis author has spoken of zis furrows upon the brow of an old man and again zis wrinkles—but you laugh, monsieur; you are amusing wiz my explanation."

Tableau: Plerplexity and disappointment.

Rev. Dr. Somerville, of Glasgow, who for several years has conducted evangelistic services in various parts of the world, intends to visit Germany again, beginning his labors at Frankfurt.

Lieut. Conder, of the Palestine survey, has discovered the remains of an important city east of the Jordan, which he is confident was the sacred city of the Hittites.

Mr. George Muller has gone to Palestine to encourage Christian workers in the Holy Land.

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1810.

1881.

SEVENTY-FIRST ANNUAL STATEMENT

...OF THE...

HARTFORD

Fire Insurance Company.

CAPITAL, - \$1,250,000.00.

ABSTRACT OF STATEMENT JAN. 1st, 1881

ASSETS.

Cash on hand, in Bank, and Cash	\$ 258,174.43
Items, ...	225,637.01
Cash in hands of Agents and in course of Transmission, ...	25,323.03
Notes and Accrued Interest, ...	641,175.60
Real Estate Unencumbered, ...	736,800.00
Loans on Bond and Mortgage (1st lien), ...	371,732.30
Loans on Collateral Security, ...	370,516.00
Bank Stock, Hartford, Marke Value, ...	241,805.00
Bank Stock, New York, Market Value, ...	75,881.50
Bank Stock, Boston, Market Value, ...	77,8

The Pacific.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

News Summary.

Pacific Coast.

CITY.

Dr. H. D. Cogswell proposes to give a lot in this city for a Newsboy's Home. A most beneficent idea.

The receipts for duties at the Custom House for the past week were \$108,970.80, making a total since January 1st, of \$7,090,333.52.

STATE AND COAST.

Steps are being taken to organize a company for the purpose of erecting a Chamber of Commerce building in Portland, to cost about \$125,000, in which it is hoped to bring together the Merchant Board of Trade, Merchants' Protective Union, principal commission and shipping offices, and to establish a Produce Exchange.

There is an artesian well in the Bay of San Francisco. It is about two miles from the Alameda shore, opposite Newmark, at a house on the oyster beds of Doane & Co. This house is on a platform set upon piles. The well is 212 feet deep, with an outside pipe of eight inches, and one of six inches on the inside. A filling of cement prevents leaking and saves the inner pipe from salt water. The water is good. These oyster beds cover a large area, are located in Alameda, Santa Clara and San Mateo counties, and are planted with Eastern oysters.

Eastern.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 20th.—The President has nominated Timothy O. Howe of Wisconsin, for Postmaster-General.

Hon. Frederick Billings, now of Woodstock, Vt., remembered about sixty families in his distribution of Thanksgiving turkeys.

Manufacturers in Florida are making paper from the palmetto, and twenty miles will be erected where these trees are abundant.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 16.—The President has nominated Benjamin Harris Brewster, of Pennsylvania, as Attorney-General of the United States.

It has been discovered that some of the New York breweries use in the production of beer large quantities of corn meal and glucose in addition to a smaller percentage of malt.

About 16,000 tickets for New England were sold at New York the day before Thanksgiving, and the railroads had all they could do to handle the enormous crowd, which packed the depots.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 20th.—Through the efforts of the Immigration Society, the population of the State has increased 140,000 the past year. The value of the accession is estimated at \$35,000,000.

Small spruce-trees from 12 to 20 inches high are shipped largely from Maine to Kansas; where farmers plant them on their lots as a defence against the high winds. Spruce grows faster than any other tree in Kansas soil.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 16.—The joint Senate and House Committee have invited Secretary Blaine to deliver the eulogy of President Garfield before both branches of Congress in the hall of the House of Representatives on some day yet to be determined.

Two children are playing in a garden. The sister says to her little brother, "Which would you rather be, a little flower or a little bird?" The young man, after a minute's reflection, "A little bird—because it eats!"—Paris Paper.

An encouraging fact for the boys: Senator Brown, of Georgia, was twenty years old before he learned to read; at thirty-three he was elected to a judgeship; at thirty-seven he became Governor, and he is now, at the age of thirty-eight, a United States Senator.

The annual report of the Pension Bureau shows that on June 30th last there were 268,830 pensioners. The net increase during the year was 18,028. The pensions averaged \$107, and the aggregate annual value of all pensions was \$28,769.96.

Mrs. Garfield will soon receive from the Women's Silk Culture Association the first silk dress every part of which, from egg to finished fabric, has been produced in this country. The silk has just been reeled by the members of the Association, and is said to be equal to the best Italian silk.

A number of Chicago men, including a Jewish rabbi, a Bishop of the Reformed Episcopal Church and the pastor of a Unitarian society, have addressed a petition to the Board of Education asking that the first forty minutes in each school day be devoted to instruction in unsectarian ethics and psychology.

Foreign.

Edison is making arrangements to introduce the electric light in London streets and houses.

Arrangements are making for the visit of Messrs. Moody and Sankey to Paris, where they will labor in connection with the mission of Rev. Mr. McAll.

The first company of forty Chinese students from this country, on arriving home, were ordered by the Government to Tien-tsin for telegraphic work.

Rev. Dr. Samuel Green, for several years one of its editors, has been appointed a Secretary of the London Religious Tract Society, to succeed the late Dr. Manning.

Western Turkey has again been sorely visited with a plague of locusts. In the district of Konia the Government collected and destroyed 1,620 tons of young locusts.

Sunday-school Lesson for Jan. 1, 1882.

BY HENRY PLANT.

The Beginning of the Gospel. (Mark i: 1-13.)

John Mark.—The son of Mary—home at Jerusalem (Acts xii)—nephew of Barnabas (Col. iv: 10) and no doubt like him, a Levite (Acts iv: 36).

His gospel gives evidence of his having seen much of Jesus, especially during his last ministry and suffering at Jerusalem. He is supposed to have been the young man mentioned in chap. xiv: 51, 52; but not to have confessed Christ until under Peter's preaching (1 Peter v: 13). He accompanied Paul and Barnabas as a helper on their first missionary tour, about A. D. 45 (Acts xiii); with Barnabas (Acts xv); with Paul when in prison at Rome, A. D. 62 (Col. iv: 10); with Peter at Babylon—after Paul had finished all his epistles to the churches, as late, probably, as 67 (1 Peter v: 12); and soon after that in Asia Minor, from whence Paul, during his second imprisonment at Rome and just before his death, about A. D. 68, sent for him (2 Tim. iv: 10).

Mark as a writer.—Not like Matthew, comprehensive in thought; not like Luke, sympathetic of heart; not like John, profound in the spiritual life; but clear, concise, graphic, with remarkable powers of generalization and description. He sets before us Jesus Christ, the Son of God, in his ministry as he saw him (or probably heard in part from Peter); and as we read his account of Jesus—his looks, gestures, words, etc.—we seem ourselves to be among the number that beheld him.

Theme of the Gospel.—There is no reason to suppose that either of the evangelists drew from or wrote to supplement the others; on the contrary, each had a distinct plan and object in writing, and guided by the Holy Ghost, kept that plan continually in mind.

Matt.—Jesus the Messiah and King.

In proof of this he gives his descent, as promised from Abraham and brings forward the Messianic prophecies; and then, in the teachings of Jesus, from his first proclamation of the gospel of the kingdom (iv: 17) to his last warning of the coming of the king, (xxv: 31) he shows who are the subjects of the kingdom; how to enter the kingdom, and the nature of the kingdom, from its inception on earth to its consummation in glory.

Luke.—Jesus Christ the Son of Man. He shows his true humanity by his genealogy up to Adam, and his real birth, childhood and growth; and then in all his record of his ministry—parables, works, teachings, until his last words of blessing on Olivet, he keeps in view the sympathy of him who "came to seek and save the lost."

John.—Jesus Christ the Son of God, and Jesus Christ the Life of Men.

He never once loses sight of his theme and closes by saying, that these things are written that we might believe on the Son and have this life. (xx: 31.)

Mark.—Jesus Christ the Son of God. He states his theme (i: 1), and after showing how he was proclaimed by the herald, anointed by the Holy Ghost and acknowledged from heaven by the Father, he immediately proceeds to prove him the Son of God by his mighty power:

His power over nature,
His power over all diseases,
His power over devils,
His power over death.

By his works.—A ministry of power, until raised from the dead. "He was received up into heaven and sat down (in that place of power) the right hand of God."

THE LESSON.

I. THE GOSPEL OF THE SON OF GOD.
II. PREPARATION FOR HIS COMING.
III. HIS PREPARATION FOR HIS WORK.

1. The Gospel of Jesus Christ, etc. "Gospel"—good tidings. Proclamation of peace from God to guilty man. "The beginning"—although foreshadowed and foretold throughout all the Old Testament, yet the cry of John, "Prepare," etc., in opening the way, is fitly called the beginning.

"Jesus" his human name.
"Christ" (Greek) or Messiah (Heb.), i. e., The anointed, his official name. So, in some places, it reads Jesus the Christ. "The Son of God"—Foretold as Son, he came as Son, was made known to John the Baptist as Son (John i: 33, 34), and owned by the Father as Son (vs. 11). In all his ministry he claimed to be the Eternal Son, coming from the Father, returning to the Father. He was crucified because he said "I am the Son" (John xix: 7); and when his work was finished, he was "Raised from the dead by the glory of the Father," and declared to be the Son of God with power by the resurrection of the dead. (Rom. i: 4; Acts ii: 24; iii: 15.)

II. Preparation for his coming: 2, 8. "Prophets"—Ref. Isa. xl: 3—in some versions; also Malachi iii: 1. This last prophet, as he closes the record, about B. C. 400, makes known the next message: the cry of the forerunner. "My messenger"—As a herald ran before the king, so John, the herald, the forerunner of the King of kings, crying, "Prepare the way." "Baptism of repentance."—This does not necessarily imply sorrow, but a turning about, and so a moral preparation.

"Jordan"—water was the emblem of cleansing, etc. This baptism had nothing to do with the Christian baptism into the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, which could not begin until Jesus' work was finished, and the Holy Spirit given (Acts ii). [Note.—After Jesus was baptized, tempted, etc., from the first passover till John was cast into prison—a period, perhaps, of six months—he remained near Jordan and his disciples baptized. This was the same baptism as that of John preparatory to his work—vs. 14.] "All Judea"—popular language meaning multitudes from all classes. "And they of Jerusalem"—many of the priests, perhaps some of the rulers, (see Matt. and Luke). "Wilderness"—probably the hilly country west of the Dead Sea and northward towards

Jordan. "A voice"—one continual cry; then his appearance, and his mode of living (vs. 6); his earnestness, seeming severity, unflinching in his faithfulness as a reformer. (see Luke iii.)

III.—Preparation for his work: 9-13. The Lord Jesus, both in his divine and human natures, was "without blemish," and needed no preparation. But officially, as the representative of man, he did need a preparation. This was two-fold:

1. His being set apart by the baptism of water and the anointing of the Holy Ghost.

2. His passing through temptation or trial.

As to his being set apart: His baptism.—The law prescribed certain ceremonies by which the priest should be inducted into office; therefore, Jesus at the appointed age, 30, (Luke iii: 23) to be made High Priest forever (Heb. v: 6) must fulfill the law—all righteousness. "Coming up out of the water"—and as Luke (who ever keeps the humanity of our Lord in view) says, "Praying," the Spirit descended upon him. Thus, by the baptism of water and the baptism of the Holy Ghost, he stood before the people. "The Lord's Anointed," and the Father from heaven said, "Thou art my beloved Son."

Set apart for his great work, then followed the trial: "Driven or led by the (Holy) Spirit into the wilderness"—probably the mountainous uninhabited region north of Jericho. "Forty days," in which he did eat nothing (Luke), during which, the new version implies, he was under the continual temptation of the devil, who, as the time drew to its close, made three most determined attempts: 1. By appealing to a natural craving, hunger. 2. By suggesting the manner in which he, the Son of God, could so easily make himself known to the nation as the promised Messiah. And 3. An offer, (as prince of this world) of all the kingdoms etc. Jesus endured the trial, Satan was foiled, and "left him for a season" (Luke iv: 13) which may imply that he left him for the three years, until he found him alone.

1. e., alone in his humanity, again in the garden, and then it was that he made his desperate attempt that drew forth the prayer of agony and the bloody sweat. 1st Adam—tempted, fell. 2d Adam—tempted, triumphed!

Practical Suggestions:

1. The gospel is the Gospel of the Son of God; (compare Heb. i: 1, 2, with Gal. i: 12). What a fool-hardy thing to reject it.

The gospel the good tidings. Angels at Bethlehem sang, "Behold I bring you good tidings." Thousands upon thousands in every age have received the message, and been filled with joy, (Acts. viii: 8; Rom. xv: 13).

2. The Prophets.—Isaiah looked down nearly 800 years, and not only saw the Messiah, describing his appearance, work the glories of his kingdom, and the fullness of his salvation; but he also sees his forerunner, and hears his voice in the wilderness. And it is while he considers this preparatory work, as if he saw John upon the mountain, that he cries out in transport, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings," etc. (Isa. 52). Shall the prophet so rejoice at the mere vision, and we, who have received the promises, not be filled with joy?

3. The temptation of Jesus was a real temptation. He was the great representative sin-bearer of our race. It must be done for us. He was not tempted as God, but as man. If we may so express it, both during the forty days and in the garden, his divine nature was in abeyance and he stood alone. Trod the wine press alone. And, as his human nature sank under it, angels came to sustain it.

When we look at the struggle in this light, how our hearts are drawn to the dear Saviour. But even more than this, it was for us, and because so tempted, "He is (now) touched with the feeling of our infirmities and able to succor us" (Heb. iv: 15).

THE GOSPEL OF JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD.

Golden Text.—"Behold, I send my messenger and he shall prepare the way before me" (Mal. iii: 1).

The highest honor one can pay to the glorified Redeemer is to follow him. That is, to reverence and obey him. Christ came to seek and to save that which is lost. So should we go out into the world to bear to others love, mercy and hope. We are at Christmas to imitate Christ by giving all to him: by doing all we can for our fellow-men.

A colony of Waldensians, who emigrated from Piedmont to Buenos Ayers, where the climate and society did not agree with them, settled five years ago in Northwestern Arkansas. It numbers 19 families, with 125 persons, and is Presbyterian in doctrine and form of worship. They are industrious, frugal, and of earnest piety, and are becoming desirable citizens.

It is rumored that some wealthy capitalists of New York City are organizing a company to run steamships between New York and London which shall carry passengers only, and which shall make the trip in six days. The name of the company is said to be the American Express Line.

The Christian at Work, in noting the fact that a Methodist preacher at Pueblo has his choir sing the opening hymn from the church steps to attract a congregation, patly says: "We know of more than one church that would do well to put its choir outside the church and thus serve a double purpose."

Wendell Phillips was seventy years old last week, but he still scolds "like sixty." Whittier is seventy this month.

The Yule Log.

The ancient Goths and Saxons observed a festival at the winter-solstice. As it celebrated the turning-point of the year, or the day when the sun began its northern journey, they named it *Jul* or *Yule*. The name is supposed to have been derived from the Gothic *gyl*, or *hiul*, the origin of the modern word *wheel*, and bearing the same signification. The name is preserved in the *Yule Log*, the burning of which is an old Christmas ceremony. The Scandinavian ancestors of the English used, at their feast of Yule, to kindle large bonfires in honor of Thor. The transmitted custom was formerly observed in England with pomp and circumstance.

On Christmas eve, after the religious services, a huge log, sometimes a rugged root grotesquely marked, was drawn from the woods with much merriment. As it passed the wayfarer, he raised his hat in honor of the venerable back-log, which was destined to support a fire that would crackle a welcome to all guests and burn out ancient feuds.

Formerly, the custom was for each member of the family to sit in turn on the log, after it was rolled to the hearth, sing a Yule song and drink to a merry Christmas. When the fire was kindled, large Christmas candles were lighted and the sports began. The log was kept burning till Candlemas, Feb. 2nd, and a small portion was carefully preserved to light the Yule log of the next Christmas. Herrick sets forth the customs in the following stanzas:

"Come bring with a noise
My merry, merry boys,
The Christmas log to the fringes;
While my good dame she
Bids you all be free,
And drink to your heart's desiring."

"With the last year's brand
Light the new block, and
For good success in his spending,
On your palerities play
That sweet luck may
Come while the log is tending!"

"Burning." —Youth's Companion.

The above we copy, and say in addition, that F. H. Revel, publisher, 148 and 150 Madison street, Chicago, have brought out the *Yule Log* in all its glory for 50 cents. It is about the prettiest thing we have seen, and good as pretty. We wish we had a hundred to give away. It is got up by Rose Hartwicke Thorpe, and author and publisher deserve many thanks.

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silver, 925 fine, 51 1/2 per oz.

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FLOUR—Best brands of City Extra, \$5.25 to 5.50; Super, \$4.25 to 4.75; Interior Extra, \$4.50 to 5.25; Interior Superfine \$4.00 to 4.63 1/4.

WHEAT—No. 1, 1.62 1/2 per ct.; No. 2, \$1.57 1/2 to 1.60.

BARLEY—Feed, \$1.45 to 1.50; Chevalier, \$1.50 to 1.57 1/2 for choice bay; brewing, \$1.75 to 1.65 per ct.

OATS—Good to choice, \$1.65 to 1.70; Surplus, \$1.73 1/2 to 1.85.

RAPE—Brn, \$16.00; ground barley, \$33; middlings, \$25.00 oil cake, \$25.00 per ton.

HOPS—25 to 28c for good.

CALIFORNIA ONIONS—Silverskins, 60 to 85c per ct.

POTATOES—\$1.17 1/2 to 1.50 in sacks. Sweet potatoes, \$1.50 to 2.12 1/2 per cental.

FRUIT—Lemons, 1 1/2 to 3 1/2 per box for Cal.; Strawberries, \$8 to 10 per chest; Apples, 40c to \$1.40 per box; Pears, 50c to \$1.50; Grapes, 50c to 1.25 per box; Cal. Oranges, \$2.50 to 3.00 per box.

VEGETABLES—Cabbage, 75c to \$1 per ct.; Cauliflower, 90 to \$1 per doz.; Turnips, 75c per ct.; Squash, Marrowfat, good, \$10 to 12 per ton.

HAY—\$9.00 to 15.00 for all grades. Straw 65 to 72 1/2 per bale.

WOOL—San Joaquin, fair, 9 to 13c. Bakers—Good to choice, 30 to 35c.

CHEESE—Cal. 14 to 16c.
EGGS—Fresh laid, 33 to 36c per doz. for Cal.

HONEY—Comb, 13 to 18c; Strained, 9c, 10c for white.

BEER—First quality, 6 1/2 to 7 1/2c; inferior, 5 1/2 to 5 3/4c per lb.

SPRING LAMB—6 1/2 to 7c per lb.

MUTTON—Wethers, 4 1/2 to 5c; Ewes, 4 to 4 1/2c per lb.

Harper's Magazine for January is a strong number, beautifully illustrated. The character and scope of the work done by Young Men's Christian Associations form the subject of an interesting paper by Dr. George R. Crooks, illustrated by portraits of leading men in this work. Senator Edmunds contributes a timely and important paper, entitled "Political Aspects of Mormonism." "Who were the Pilgrims?" is a question answered in an interesting historical paper by William T. Davis.

If you want to buy or sell groceries, produce or provisions, send for prices to San Francisco Cash Grocery, 519 Post Street.

MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN CO.—At the great Italian Industrial Exhibition just closing in Milan, Italy, the highest awards for musical instruments, a silver medal and diploma, were taken by an American manufacturer, the Mason & Hamlin Organ Company, whose cabinet organs were judged to be superior to that they were the only record organs of any manufacture, European or American, which were awarded a medal. It is a great honor to these makers that in Italy itself, the very home of music, their organs should receive such distinction. They were by special order repeatedly exhibited to the Royal Court by Carlo Ducci, the distinguished artist of Rome.—Evening Mail.

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INTERESTING TO HOUSEKEEPERS.—The secret of the success of some housekeepers in always managing to bring out from their resources so many tempting and palatable dishes, which lead the inexperienced and new beginners to envy them, and desire to emulate them, is because they know how in purchasing their supplies, to make everything tell. Such housekeepers invariably buy the Canned Goods and other manufactures of King, Morse & Co., because experience has taught them that that is a firm that values their reputation so highly, that only the best of goods ever bear their labels upon them, for the most scrupulous care is taken in every department of their establishment in the packing of these goods, and they are not afraid to guarantee their manufactures.

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